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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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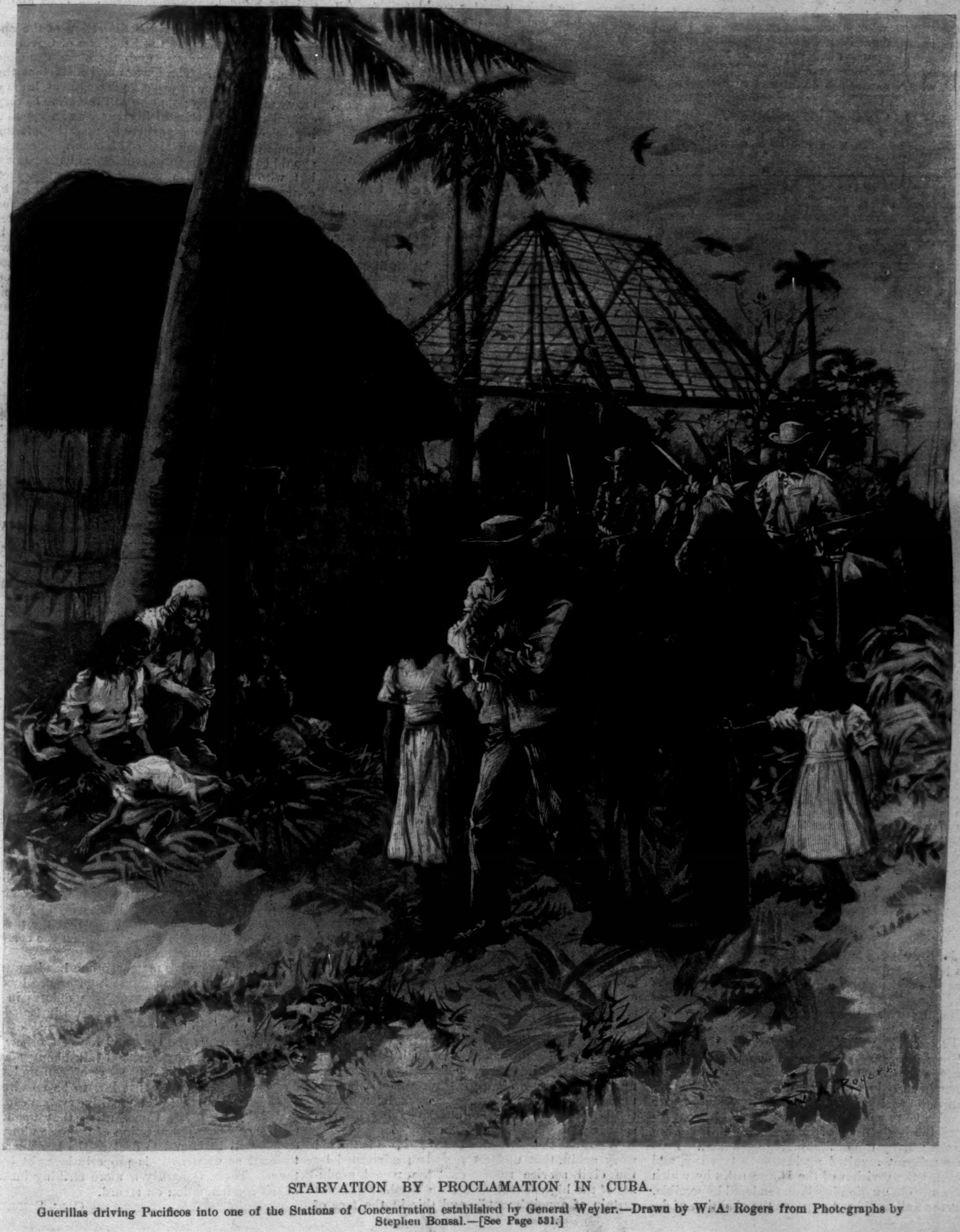

STARVATION BY PROCLAMATION IN CUBA.

Guerillas driving Pacificos into one of the Stations of Concentration established by General Weyler.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers from Photographs by Stephen Bonsal.—[See Page 531.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE PROVINCE OF AN OPPOSITION.

THE old leaders of the Democratic party in the House of Representatives have passed from the scene of action. "SAM" RANDALL, who rallied the broken forces of the party when it was at its lowest estate after the civil war, died some years ago; CARLISLE, who succeeded RANDALL as the Democratic Speaker, is now out of public life; CRISP, whom the party next elevated to the chair of presiding officer, is dead; MORRISON, MILLS, and WILSON, whose names are connected with successive Democratic tariff bills, are no longer in the House. Death, defeat at the polls, or voluntary retirement has removed almost every other Democratic Representative who has been conspicuous during the past quarter of a century.

One consequence of this is the accession to Democratic leadership of a young man comparatively new to public life, and almost entirely unknown to the country. The nomination for the Speakership in the caucus of the minority is in one sense an empty honor, but custom recognizes the man thus named as the accredited spokesman of his party. When Congress met, in the middle of March, the Democratic caucus put JOSEPH W. BAILEY, of Texas, in this position. He is only thirty-three years old, has served in Congress but three terms, and had never manifested extraordinary capacity. His elevation to the leadership of the minority came as a surprise, and there was much curiosity as to how he would improve his great opportunity.

It is not too soon to say that Mr. BAILEY is a failure in his new rôle. The great trouble is that he does not lead. The man who formulates the policy of an opposition in a legislative body should have definite purposes in view, and should be able to rally his followers in a solid body behind him to carry out those purposes. His prime business is to expose the weakness of the policy adopted by the majority. His aim should always be to convince the nation that the course pursued by the party in power is wrong, and that those for whom he speaks represent safer views and better deserve the public confidence.

The Texas Congressman has abandoned this traditional and approved policy, by which an opposition really opposes, and has substituted the idea of allowing the majority to have its way virtually unchecked. The Democrats in the House made no such effective fight against the DINGLEY bill as the country expected and desired. When Speaker REED developed his plan of preventing the House from doing anything during the weeks and months between the passage of the DINGLEY bill and its return from the Senate, Mr. BAILEY fell in with it, although many of his party saw that it was an indefensible policy, which ought to be assailed at every opportunity.

The result of Mr. BAILEY'S course from the partisan stand-point is utter demoralization of the Democratic minority in the House. Over and over again its small vote has been divided between those who loyally follow the titular leader and those who absolutely reject the idea of "playing second fiddle" to the majority. Mr. BAILEY has attempted to defend his position on the ground that the nation voted the Republicans into power, and that they are entitled to a chance at carrying out their ideas. Undoubtedly this is true, so far as it goes, but it is an incomplete statement of the case. The voters last fall elected a Republican House, expecting it to develop the Republican policy, but only under those conditions which have always governed legislative bodies, by which the defeated party seeks every opportunity to expose faults, to prevent outrages, and to exercise restraint generally.

There is a very plain distinction between legitimate opposition and indefensible obstruction. Cases have been known where a minority has assumed the position that the majority should never be allowed to pass a particular bill, and has substituted the brute force of interminable filibustering for the worthy use of reasonable argument. Public sentiment revolted against such tyranny, and justified the revision of the House rules by which insensate obstruction has been rendered impossible. But the nation did not approve the abolition of debate when it indorsed the prohibition of filibustering. A deliberative body, by the very law of its being, is under obligation to discuss before acting, and the minority fails in its duty when it sits silent.

The weakness of Mr. BAILEY'S argument is clearly seen when it is carried to its logical conclusion. If the minority in a legislative body is to do nothing but sit quietly by and see the majority pass such bills as it pleases, why should representatives of the minority take the trouble to attend its sessions at all? Why, indeed, should there be any Democratic members in a Republican House, or Republican representatives when there is a Democratic majority of two-thirds? Americans are a practical people, and they will be unable to see why they should pay a minority for sharing in the work of legislation if it is to do nothing.

The truth is that the self-effacement of the minority in Congress would be one of the greatest misfortunes that the country could suffer. An unrestrained majority is always a menace to the public interests. The larger its numerical preponderance and the stronger its leader, the more dangerous it is if left to itself. The nation, as well as the Democratic party, suffers by Mr. BAILEY'S blunder. Happily wiser counsels rule among the Democrats of the Senate, and in that body the opposition will continue to discharge its duty.

OUR NEW CIVIL SERVICE LAW.

OF the attacks recently made by Republicans upon the reformed civil service system, the new law enacted in this State is the most characteristic. Its history deserves to be remembered. In his inaugural address Governor BLACK, with a flippancy of tone most unusual in official utterances, expressed himself in favor of taking the "starch" out of the present civil service law. On March 16 a newspaper, apparently possessed of confidential information, reported that a bill embodying the Governor's ideas had been prepared, providing for a division, half and half, of the civil service examinations between the independent civil service boards and the appointing officers, thus discarding the fundamental principle of civil service reform, which is universally accepted wherever the reformed system exists—the principle that the appointing officers, who are always exposed to political or other pressure, must have no control over the management of the civil service examinations. But weeks elapsed without the bill being heard of, and the belief gained ground that the Governor would permit the session to pass over without any attempt at further legislation on the subject. Suddenly, hardly two weeks before the adjournment, the Governor's bill was sprung upon the Legislature for immediate action. Public sentiment expressed itself emphatically against it, on the ground that it would restore all the abuses of the spoils system. But, after two hurried hearings granted by the committees to which the bill had been referred, the opposition it found among the Republican members of the Legislature was suppressed by caucus dictation, and the measure was put through under whip and spur—one of those "snap" operations resorted to by unscrupulous and despotic party leadership when it seeks to steal an advantage.

On May 6 a hearing was had before the Governor, in which the friends of civil service reform maintained, in the light of experience as well as of reason, the following points: (1) That an honest competitive system is the only one sure to open public employment to all classes of the people on equal terms by rendering powerless the aristocracy of influence; (2) that the bill, by substantially turning over the civil service examinations to the appointing power, would expose the appointing officers again to the full force of the pressure of influence, and thereby, as all experience proved, restore the abuses of spoils politics; (3) that inasmuch as it impaired the competitive system, it violated the Constitution, which demands competitive examinations whenever practicable; (4) that the machinery it provided for would prove practically unworkable; and (5) that if the working of the present system was in any way defective and required improvement, the Governor, if he had the will, had also ample power under the existing law to remedy such defects and to institute such improvements. The Governor listened to these arguments without asking a question and without interjecting a word; and then, a week later, signed the bill, and filed a memorandum giving his reasons for doing so.

What has the Governor to say? Here is the old story again, that under the system advocated by the civil service reformers "the recent graduate of the high-school or college would be almost certain of appointment"—and this in the face of the well-known fact established by statistics over and over again that of the appointees under the competitive system graduates of higher educational institutions form an astonishingly small percentage. Here is the other old assertion again, that department chiefs know best what kind of men they want for their work, and that under their sense of responsibility they would be careful to select just such men as the duties to be performed demand—and this in the face of the unquestioned experience of many years that appointing officers, when unprotected by a civil service law, are always exposed to a political pressure which constantly forces the appointment of men upon them of whom they know little or nothing, and transforms their own discretion into mere subserviency to influence. It was the widespread recognition of this very fact, and of the abuses springing from it, that led to the enactment of the civil service laws as a remedy. But for those notorious abuses such laws would never have been heard of.

However, the plea for the discretion of the appointing officers forms the backbone of Governor BLACK'S memorandum, and therefore demands closer inspection. The Governor insists that the head of a State, or of a public department, bears a heavy responsibility; that he will therefore be very careful in the exercise of his power as an appointing officer; that consequently he must be left untrammelled in the selection of his subordinates, who should be not only men of scholastic qualifications, but who should also possess "experience, tact, character, and all those qualities recognized by every sensible man as essential to first-class service." Whether the candidate has those qualities, the Governor thinks, the appointing officer must be left free to ascertain in his own way, to his own satisfaction. Governor BLACK will have no reason to complain if we examine his acts to find out what he means by all this. He had a Commissioner of Insurance to appoint—a very important officer. Deeply sensible of his official responsibility, Governor BLACK, of course, looked over the whole State to discover a person fitted for that place, not only by scholastic attainments, but by "experience, tact, character, and all those qualities recognized by sensible men everywhere as essential to first-class service." And then, being unhampered in his choice by any civil service rules, the Governor selected Mr. LOU PAYNE, a man who had been branded in a public proceeding by an eminent member of his own party as having been for years a stench in the nostrils of the community, and whom several State Senators, in spite of their disposition to please the Governor, found too nauseous to vote for when his appointment came up for confirmation. The people, by-the-way, undoubtedly think that it would have been much better for the public interest, as well as for the honor of the State, had Governor BLACK, with all his vaunted "sense of responsibility," not been unhampered by any civil service rules in making this as well as some other appointments.

This fairly illustrates what Governor BLACK'S own standards of "experience, tact, and character" are to fit a man for high public place; or it shows that a standard not his own was forced upon him by influences or considerations foreign to a proper sense of duty and responsibility. At any rate, it strikingly demonstrates that his plea is not for an improved service, but for opening the floodgates of spoils politics in the worst sense. It is hardly worth while to answer the pretence he gravely puts forth that if appointing officers, with all their responsibility, are accessible to political influence, civil service examiners, without such responsibility, must be still more accessible. Every intelligent person knows that appointing officers, unprotected by civil service rules, have been controlled by such influence, and that civil service examiners have not been so controlled. In fact, is is just *because* the civil service examiners have generally proved inaccessible to political influence that the present assault of the spoils politicians upon the competitive system is made.

But the Governor's memorandum has its merits. By its strenuous plea against interference by civil service rules with the executive officers in the exercise of the appointing power, illustrated by the Governor's own example in the use of that power, it reveals the true purpose of the new law so clearly that the hypocritical talk about "favoring an honest and efficient service" can no longer disguise it. It shows that law to be so directly intended to subvert the competitive system contemplated by the State Constitution that upon the Governor's own presentation of the case alone the courts will be bound to declare the law unconstitutional as soon as it is properly brought before them. There is hardly a more striking instance of self-condemnation on record.

CARL SCHURZ.

STARVATION IN CUBA.

THE policy which is now in force, of driving the peaceable Cubans of the four western provinces of Pinar del Rio, Havana, Matanzas, and Santa Clara into certain specified stations of concentration, was conceived by General Weyler early last fall. Permission having been duly obtained from the home authorities of Madrid in October last, he published the *bando*, or proclamation, under which the various commanders of military districts were instructed to give the *guajaros* a period of eight days in which to leave their homes and to take themselves to the stations designated. The soldiers then burnt down their homes, confiscated their horses and cattle, and took all that belonged to them that was worth the taking. They then escorted these trembling herds of *pacificos*, or non-combatants, and their families to the low-lying, swampy, and malarial stations which had been selected as suitable places for them to dwell in. These stations are one and all well within the Spanish lines, and surrounded by little forts. When you remember that execution of this simply barbarous proclamation was intrusted almost exclusively to those convict gangs who are known as guerillas, or irregular troops, you can form a fair estimate of how often these military evictions and the plunder of private property gave rise to bloodshed and cold-blooded murder. Indeed, murder and bloodshed were of frequent occurrence in every district of these four provinces, and not a few, fearing the end of a policy which began in this way, preferred to incur the risk of endeavoring to escape and of disobeying the proclamation, and are now living in caves and concealed hovels. These refugees, should they be discovered by the Spanish columns, would be and often are shot down in cold blood. General Weyler's proclamation of October 21, 1896, authorizes such a course, and disobedience would be punishable by death. It was with the purpose of starving out these people, as well as the armed insurgents, that the orders were given at the Palace to the commanders of the respective military districts to burn and ravage the country, to cut down every green thing that grows, and to dig up every root that might help to sustain human life.

With the exception of the few towns and villages which are held and occupied by the Spanish troops and are within the military lines which they still maintain, there has not been left standing a single home, however modest and lowly, from the Jucaro-Moron Trocha to Cape San Antonio. By the 1st of December last, 400,000 of these non-combatants and peace-loving peasants, including their aged and infirm parents, their wives, and their children, were "concentrated" in the stations, which, whether they were chosen with this object in view or not, have proven admirably adapted to the realization of the policy of extermination. Military cordons were thrown about these stations at that time, and from that day to this not a single one of these *pacificos* has been allowed to cross the lines of the station where he is penned up, except on exceedingly rare occasions, when one has now and again been granted a military pass as a special and often a very dearly bought favor, and the permission given was, of course, for only a very few hours. Another exception to this general statement should be made in speaking of Matanzas and Artemisa, where, on many occasions, such of the starving peasants as seemed able to do any work at all were told off to dig in the trenches, or for any other work which the Spanish soldier disliked, and to which the unarmed Cubans were driven at the point of the machete, and to which they were held at the muzzle of the rifle.

Since the month of January, when the scant supply of provisions which they were able to bring with them secretly from their homes was exhausted, as well as their still more scanty supply of money, these 400,000 people have been existing in abject misery and want, and face to face with a struggle for existence, which, however bravely and courageously they may deport themselves, is doomed from the very beginning to be a hopeless and unsuccessful one. In Pinar del Rio, the most westerly province of the island, these stations of starvation are situated for the most part along the 180 kilometres of the Western Railway, which extends from Havana to the town of Pinar del Rio. In the stations at Guanajay, Mariel, Candelaria, Consolacion, San Cristoval, and Artemisa alone these starving and homeless multitudes number 60,000 souls, and the number of those who have been delivered by death from their captivity is estimated by the most conservative observers of this colossal massacre by decree at 10,000 since the beginning of this year. I have visited each and every one of these stations, and believe that the mortality has been much greater than this, but I give the lowest figure that has ever been stated by any one at all conversant with the conditions of life in which these wretched people are existing, or, rather, being put to death by a process of slow, cold-blooded torture. These deaths have resulted from starvation and from smallpox, as well as a score of other diseases which easily attack and easily overcome those who are penned up in unhealthy, malarial places, without food of any kind, without work, and without medical assistance. On the line of the railway through Havana and Matanzas provinces to the city of Matanzas there is another series of starvation stations, of which Jaruco and Matanzas are the most populous and have suffered the largest mortality, and from Matanzas to Villa Clara and Cienfuegos this panorama of human destitution and suffering extends uninterruptedly, and with a monotonous repetition at every station of heart-rending scenes of want and of abject and hopeless misery. In these last-mentioned stations there are to be found to-day at least 200,000 starving people, without the barest necessities of life, and with no hope or prospect of obtaining them, or of any escape from their deplorable and wellnigh incredible situation, except for those who prefer a quicker death and attempt to escape from their pens, knowing that the chances are more than ninety-five out of a hundred that in endeavoring to cross the lines they will fall into the hands of a bloodthirsty and brutalized soldiery.

In addition to the stations already mentioned the Cubans of the peasant and small farmer class are "concentrated" on the northern coast, principally in the towns of Cardenas, of Sagua la Grande, and of Caibarien, and upon the southern coast in Cienfuegos, Trinidad, and in Jucaro. In the instances mentioned, where the places designated as stations of concentration have been situated outside the towns of some importance and population, the starving peasants have been unable to get work in the few instances that they have been allowed to seek it, from the fact that in these towns, before the country people were driven there, was already a large population absolutely without occupation or work of any kind, and in a condition only a degree less deplorable than that of the starving country people themselves, because in these towns, as well as everywhere else in Cuba, all trade and industry has been paralyzed if not completely destroyed by the war.

There remain about twenty or thirty sugar plantations in these four devastated provinces where attempts are or were being made a month ago to grind the cane and to make the sugar crop. The permits to do so were only obtained by bribing the officials of the Palace in Havana and by supporting the troops, who are guarding the small *centraleas*, and paying the blackmail which the officers of these troops exact with cynical frankness. These planters, principally Spaniards, Americans, and foreigners, have endeavored to recoup themselves for the heavy expenditures outlined above by reducing the monthly wage of their laborers from thirty or forty dollars a month to from six to ten dollars a month. These laborers have had no alternative but to accept these starvation figures, and in the very few instances that they have refused to work, a bribe administered to the Spanish commandant of the station has always been successful in having the laborers forced to work at the point of the machete. So the condition of these five or six thousand men, who are permitted and in some instances compelled to work under these peculiar circumstances, is hardly more desirable than that of those who are penned up in the starvation stations and doomed to die without any prospect of relief. Indeed, their condition is a degree worse, as their starvation is no less sure and a little slower.

Of one thing I am quite certain, no assistance can be expected for these people from the Spaniards. Even if in this our day a miracle were wrought and they could be endued with the spirit of the good Samaritan, they would not have the means to alleviate the sufferings which they have so wantonly occasioned. It has been proposed that the sentries who surround the starving thousands and shoot down all who, reckless of the danger and maddened by the sight of their starving women and children, attempt to pass the cordon, should be withdrawn, and the *concentrados* of penned-up peasantry be allowed to go out and seek for food in the *campo*, or country, districts. I do not believe that even if the Spaniards could be induced to take such a step it would afford very effective relief, for this most rich and fertile country, the "most rich and beautiful that ever human eye beheld," as Columbus wrote back to Spain after his discovery, is now a smoking ruin, a heap of ashes and of graves, a grim, gaunt panorama of what savage man is capable of in the way of destruction. It is to-day a land where spring-time has brought not a single blossom or a promise of harvest. I am referring now exclusively to the four western provinces where Spanish influence is paramount, and not to free Cuba beyond the Trocha, where, fortunately, the spectacle is a more pleasing one.

If all the Spaniards, from Weyler to the last corporal of the convict and jail-bird guerilla, were suddenly to be invested and animated by the spirit of the good Samaritan, even then the situation would be but little changed, and the outlook only a shade less sombre. The Spanish army in Cuba is absolutely destitute. There never was an army so wanting in everything which soldiers of a temperate country require when campaigning in the tropics as are these wretched conscripts of Spain. They are without those things which are the common necessities of life to the Digger Indian or to the most primitive and self-sufficient cave-dweller. Leaving out of consideration the guerillas, those convict-trained bands who steal right and left, who lay hands upon all they see and covet, and who will be the last to starve (it is to be hoped that they are reserved for hanging, although that is almost too good for them), and confining our attention to the regular army alone, we will find that of all the 250,000 men of that great Armada, the greatest in point of numbers that ever crossed the Western seas, there are not left to-day 5000 men capable of marching from the Battery to Central Park with campaign equipment. Some military critics have expressed their wonderment as to how Weyler could get a quarter of a million men upon the little island. He did accomplish it, but it is only fair to say he might have failed for want of room had he not put so many of them underground and not in the barracks. There are no reliable figures as to the mortality in the Spanish army of occupation during the last two years. We can only judge of the ravages which the climate has wrought as we see the skeleton regiments and the shrunken battalions limp by. Fortunate indeed have been those who have fallen by the Cuban bullets. Fortunate indeed those who have escaped the Calvary that awaits the wounded or the sick Spanish soldier on his way from the colors to the hospital and to the grave. A Spanish soldier with sturdy constitution may survive the swamp fevers and the utter want of wholesome rations and proper clothing in the field. But once, however slight his wound or his sickness—once despatched to the hospital, his case is hopeless indeed; and his comrades do not scruple to divide up among them his poor belongings, knowing full well that while some may have returned from the dead and the grave, no man ever comes back from San Ambrosio or similar hospitals. The army surgeons have little or no quinine, and in the few places where antiseptics have been provided they are doled out so carefully as to defeat their purpose; for it is announced that when the present supply is exhausted there will be no more forth-coming from Spain, and this is probably true.

I have found it impossible either to grasp myself or to present to others on a large scale the spectacle of human misery and of woe which Cuba reveals to the traveller today. But we may perhaps draw aside at least one corner of the heavy pall that the last days of Spanish rule have thrown about the land of sunshine and flowers and look, if we have the heart, at one scene at least of the ghastly blood-curdling panorama. The Mariel-Majana Trocha, which was devised to cut off the Cuban forces in Pinar del Rio from all assistance of the Cuban armies in the east until the Spanish columns in the fields have worn them down and compelled surrender, will serve as an illustration of the useless labor upon which the Spanish troops have been engaged, and how deadly to soldiers the perfectly silly and useless task has proved. The Trocha, or military trench, across Pinar del Rio was dug out and an embankment thrown up, with little forts built here and there, by the Spanish government. In many places the trenches ran through swamps, and the long-covered-up and decaying vegetable matter that was now exposed to the hot rays of the tropical sun bred a malarial pestilence which, from November 1 last to March of this year, invalided 12,000 men, only counting those who were working upon the trench and the detachments that were stationed there to guard it. These figures, though from Spanish sources, are reliable, though the figures that the same doctors of the Spanish army from whom I gathered the foregoing send home to Madrid are not. The reason of this singular system of "double-entry" bookkeeping is somewhat as follows: It is not worth while lying about the number of the sick. In fact, it is just as well to have a good round number of them as a pretext and excuse to draw the medical supplies, which never reach the hospitals. But it would not do to announce anything like the real number of deaths, because, among other reasons, the names of the dead soldiers would then be taken off the pay-rolls, and that would never do; for the officers, who are drawing the pay of these dead men, need these little perquisites so much.

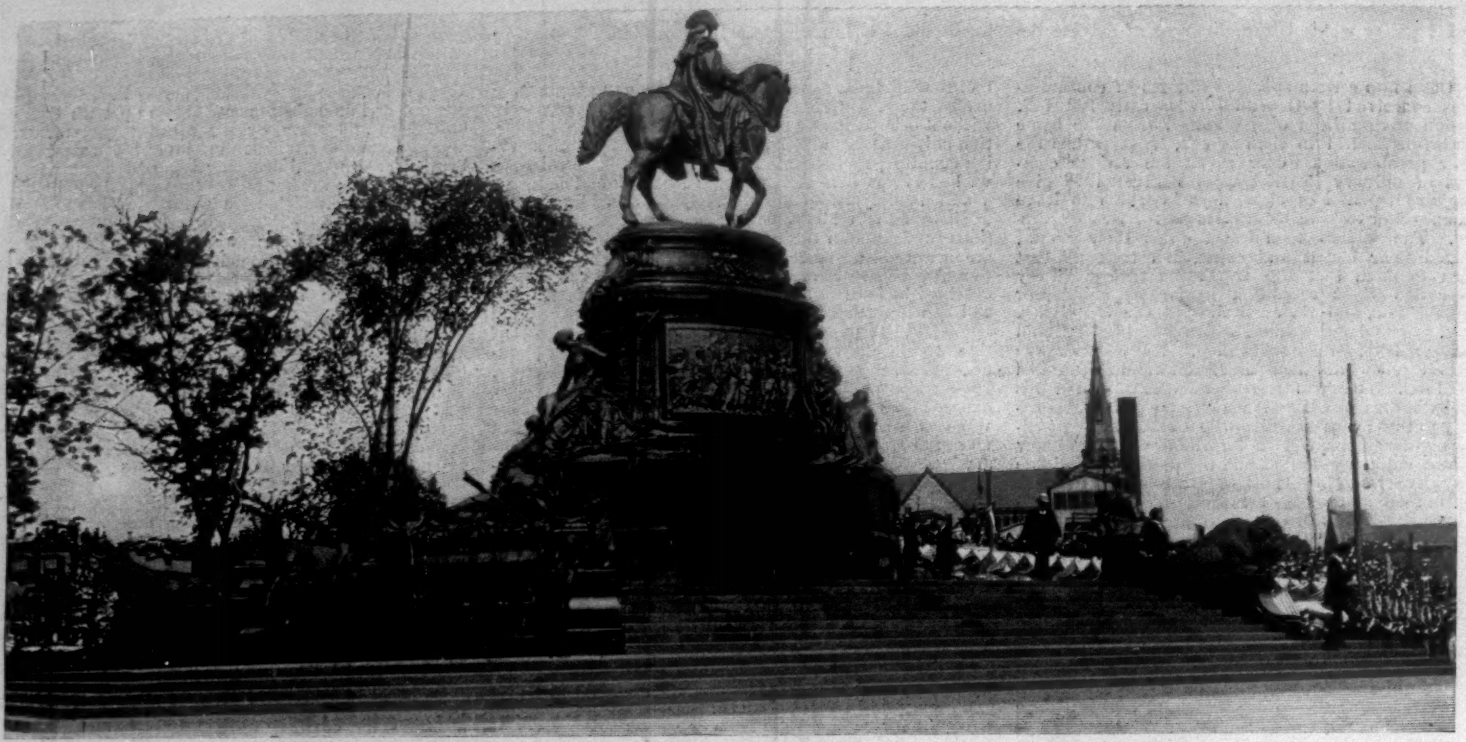
I have often thought, as I rode along the Trocha, which, even in its palmy days, immediately after its construction, seemed to me the most useless and ineffectual of mediæval devices, what a senseless and sinful waste of human energy and life there has been here. For the banks are lined throughout its length with at least ten thousand graves. The Suez Canal, that will live through all the ages as one of the crowning achievements of our century, hardly cost humanity as many victims, and the monument they builded to themselves will survive imperishable for all time. But the ditch which the poor conscript of Spain built has gone to rack and ruin, and the rains of the last month have wellnigh washed away alike all traces of their useless labor and their shallow graves, and they are no more remembered save in the darkened homes in the tawny Peninsula, where Rachel is weeping for her children and will not be comforted. It is only the mothers of Spain who realize the terrible discrepancy of numbers between the list of soldiers that is sent home to the Treasury Department in Madrid and that sadly shorter list which is furnished to the commanding officers—a list of really effective men, which is sent up to Havana when every now and then it is proposed by Weyler to undertake active operations in Cuba.

The situation in Cuba to-day is perfectly clear and simple. In the western provinces we find between three and four hundred thousand people penned up in starvation stations, and a prey to all kinds of epidemic disease. They are without means and without food, and with only the shelter that the dried palm leaves of their hastily erected *bohios* afford, and in the rainy season that is now upon them that is no shelter at all. They have less clothing than the Patagonian savages, and, half naked, they sleep upon the ground, exposed to the noxious vapors which these low-lying swamp-lands emit. They have no prospect before them but to die, or, what is more cruel, to see those of their own flesh and blood dying about them, and to be powerless to succor and to save. About these starvation stations the savage sentries pace up and down with ready rifle and bared machete, to shoot down and to cut up any one who dares to cross the line. And yet, who are these men who are shot down in the night like midnight marauders? And why is it they seek, with all the desperate courage of despair, to cross that line where death is always awaiting their coming, and almost invariably overtakes them? They are attempting nothing that history will preserve upon its imperishable tablets, or even this passing generation remember. No, they are simply attempting to get beyond the starvation lines to dig there potatoes and yams to bring home again to the hovel in which their families are housed with death and hunger all about them. And they do their simple duty, not blinded as to the danger or without warning as to their probable fate, for hardly an hour of their interminable day passes without their hearing the sharp click of the trigger and the hoarse cry of the sentry which precede the murderous volley; and every morning, through the narrow filthy lanes upon which their huts have been erected, the guerillas drive along the pack-mules bearing the mutilated bodies of those who have been punished cruelly for the crime of seeking food to keep their children from starving. This colossal crime, with all the refinement of slow torture, is so barbarous, so bloodthirsty, and yet so exquisite, that the human mind refuses to believe it, and revolts at the suggestion that it was conceived, planned, and plotted by a man. And yet this crime, this murder of thousands of innocent men, women, and children, is being daily committed in Cuba, at our very doors, and wellnigh in sight of our shores, and we are paying very little heed to the spectacle.

Outraged humanity in Spain itself has protested, and that noble paper the *Imparcial* of Madrid has told the Spanish people of all the horrors and the cruelties that are being perpetrated in Cuba in their name. The whole infamy of Weyler's scheme of pacification has been exposed in eloquent and adequate language in the columns of this and other Spanish papers, which have refused to allow themselves to be blinded by the bull-baiting fury that is prevalent in Madrid to-day. They know, then, what they do and what is being done in their name by the viceroy. No help to the starving or a word of rebuke for the slaughter can be expected from the far-away powers of Europe. We alone have the monopoly of long-distance philanthropy, which is practised only too often in the antipodes, and not at our doors, where it is most needed.

In these leaking huts, where the dead and the dying lie huddled together, unceasing prayers are being offered up to Our Lady of Pity, whose shrine in the far-off Cobre Mountains they have all visited and in happier days decked out bright with flowers. And I believe these prayers will be heard in these United States. If we look away and turn a deaf ear to these cries of our brothers, if we send out succor only to the starving Hindoos and our arms only to the Greeks, we shall stand revealed and disgraced before the Christian world as not "doers of the Word, but hearers only."

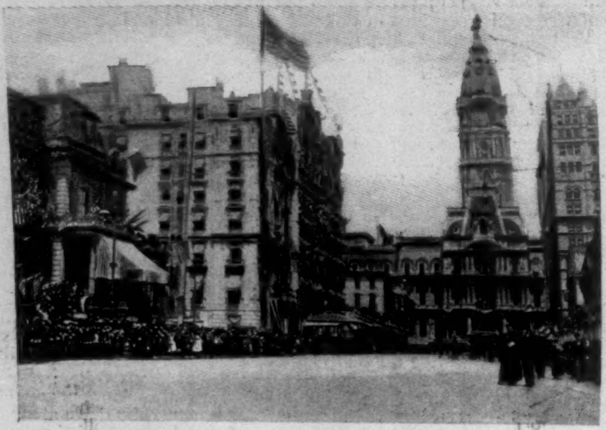
STEPHEN BONSAL.



THE MONUMENT AFTER THE UNVEILING.

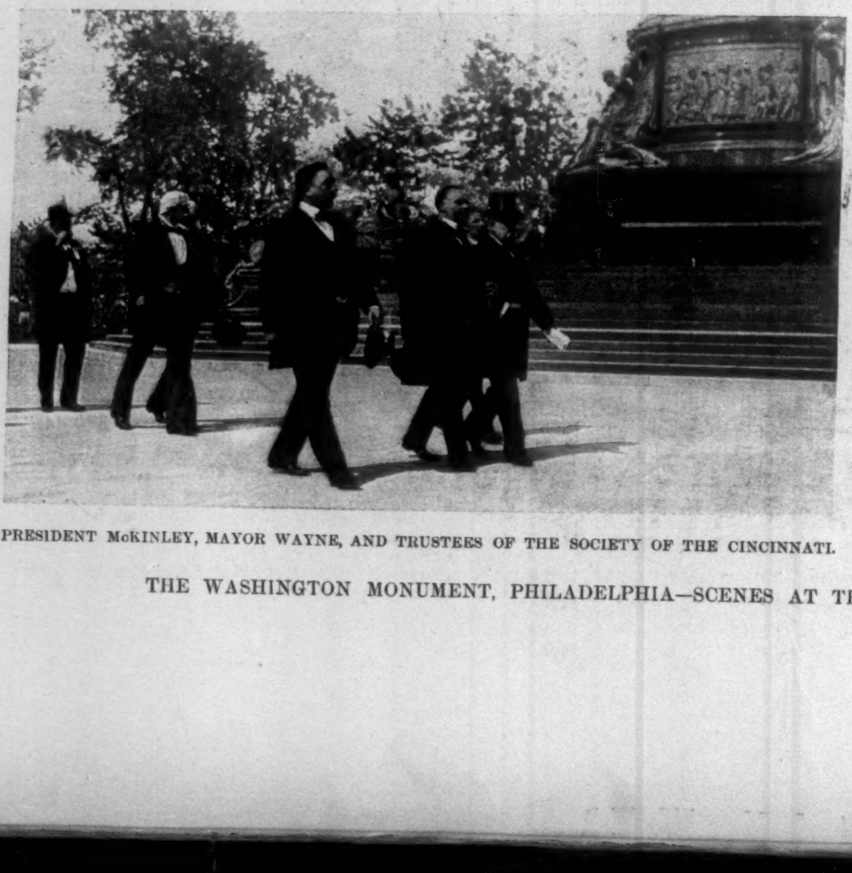
SAILORS FROM THE UNITED STATES AND FRENCH WAR-SHIPS.

STAFF OF THE CITY TROOP.

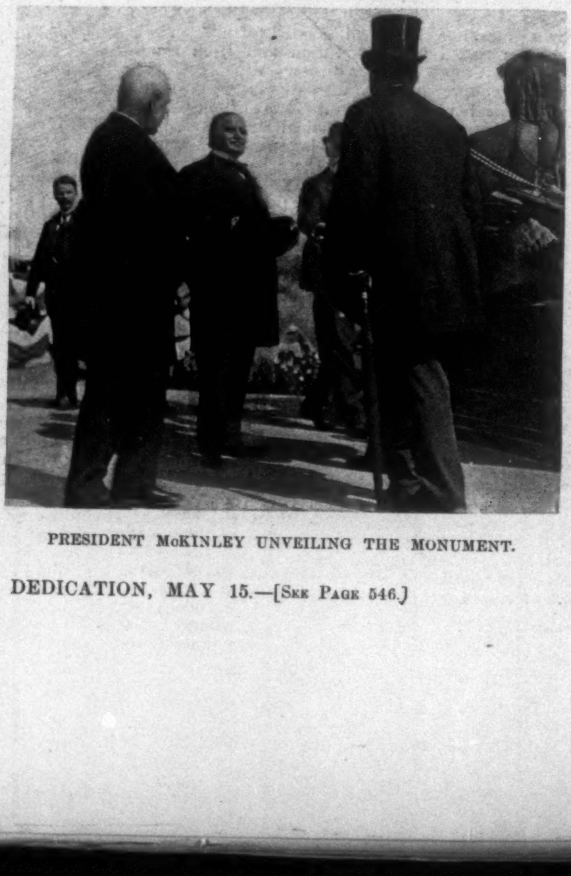


BROAD STREET, SHOWING PUBLIC BUILDING, UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE, AND LAFAYETTE HOTEL.

UNITED STATES ARTILLERY PASSING IN REVIEW.

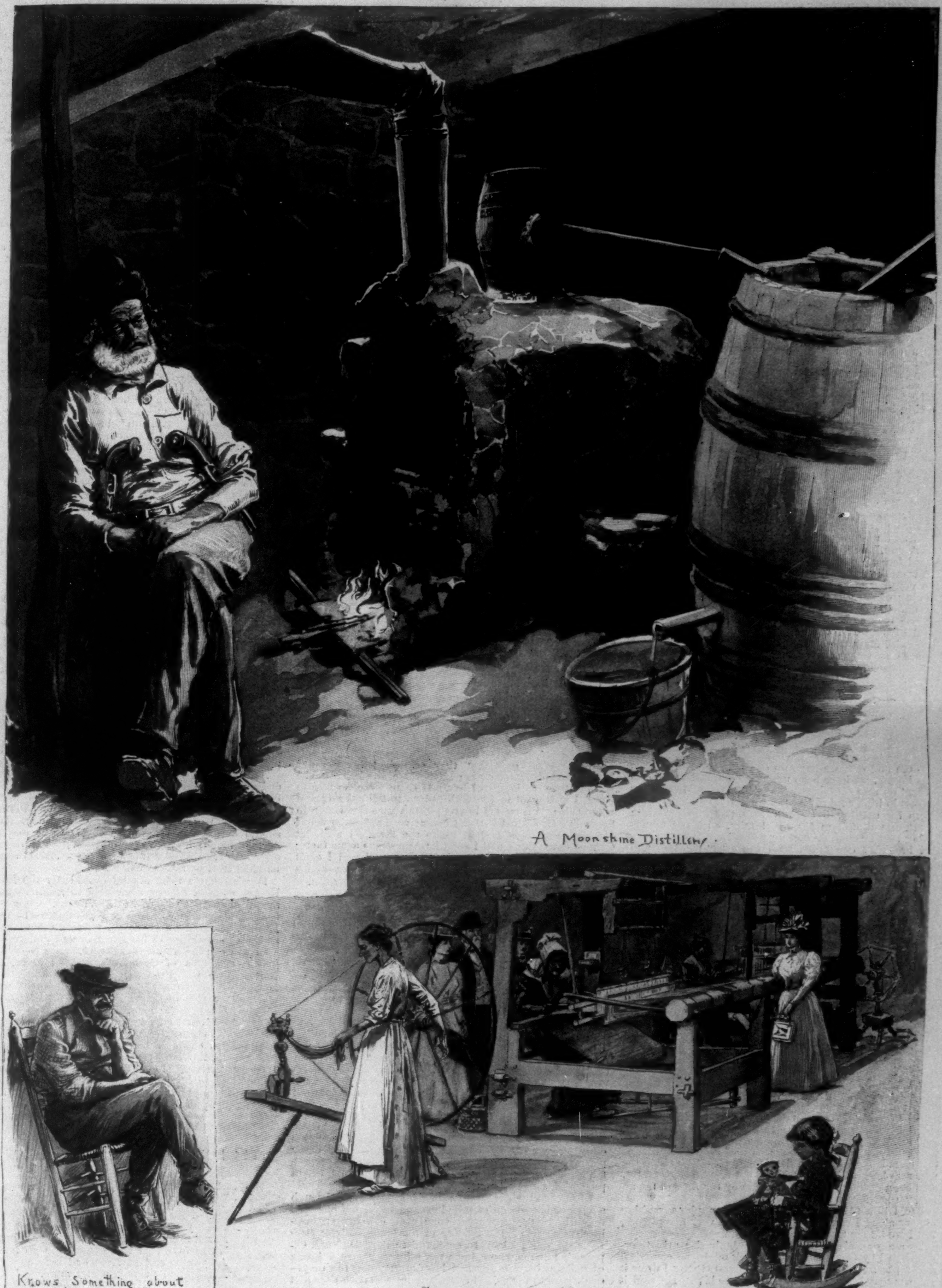


PRESIDENT McKINLEY, MAYOR WAYNE, AND TRUSTEES OF THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI.



PRESIDENT McKINLEY UNVEILING THE MONUMENT.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, PHILADELPHIA—SCENES AT THE DEDICATION, MAY 15.—[SEE PAGE 546.]


A Moonshine Distiller.
Knows Something about Wildcat Whiskey.
A Household Transplanted from the Mountains of Eastern Tennessee.
W. A. Rogers.

THE CENTENNIAL AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT NASHVILLE—TYPICAL SCENES OF TENNESSEE MOUNTAIN LIFE.
Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 546.]

WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.

III.—A BREAKFAST WITH GOMEZ.

Gomez had invited me to breakfast, so I donned the coat which I was carefully keeping for my return through the Spanish lines, and making my way to the general's canvas, I stooped under. The old man, seated in his hammock of blue-striped bedticking, extended his hand pleasantly as he asked me if I were well, and pointing to a camp-stool, bade me be seated.

I began the conversation by mentioning that I had known of him as comandante at Amapala, Honduras, and he tried to recall the year. I then related to him some of my adventures in Guatemala, and the old man's eyes brightened as he became interested.

Later he changed the conversation to his present campaign. Referring to his methods of conducting it, he said:

"You see, I easily keep myself posted as to the location of the Spanish troops. I keep my scouts out all the time, whereas they cannot have any scouts, for if they had, I would catch them. They never know where I am, but I always know when they are coming, and easily get away.

"La Gloria is the name of this place. The Spaniards do not know that I am here. Perhaps to-night they will know, but they won't know where I am going to be to-morrow. No one knows. I never let any one know my next camping-place.

"Now my scouts scurrying over the country in all directions keep me informed when the Spaniards are coming. They move slowly; I move quickly. After locating me they generally try to trap me by moving two or more columns upon me from opposite directions. If I think it necessary, I send out a few men to fire upon the advancing columns, and thus check them until I can get away."

As we conversed one of his *asistentes* brought an armful of green twigs and leaves, which he spread on the ground in front of us. It was the preparation for breakfast, and the leaves represented the table-cloth. Four plates, with corresponding knives, forks, and spoons, were placed on the cover of leaves. In the centre was placed a frying-pan containing a stew of meat and beans. Then beefsteaks were brought on a plate, with a dish of sweet-potatoes, and a bottle of honey.

As these preparations were being made the general asked me if I was satisfied with the *asistente* whom he had assigned me, and if I did not find him to be a good forager; for he had picked out the man whom he thought to be the best hustler for food in the whole camp.

"But you," he said, "being a veteran accustomed to the hard fare of camp life, can get along with us nicely."

We were then joined by the chief clerk, an oldish man, and a youth who had joined Gomez a mere boy, at the beginning of the war, and has been with him ever since. They seated themselves on the ground in front of us. Each one took a plate on his lap, and Gomez served me from the frying-pan, while the others served themselves.

The chief clerk was a scholarly man, with a peculiarity of speech, as though he talked with his mouth full of water. He spoke of a recent paper containing a despatch stating that General Roloff had disappeared from New York, jumping his bail, and I said that I had every reason to believe Roloff had sailed for Cuba with a large expedition, and that he was bringing great quantities of dynamite.

"But what is the use of that?" exclaimed the general, petulantly. "Our friends in the North send us high explosives and artillery, but they do not send us any one who knows how to use them. We have dynamite now, but owing to the fact that we have no one who properly understands its use, we have been unable to obtain results with it, except on rare occasions. The Junta ought to send us an expert in high explosives; not some fellow such as they pick up for nothing, but send a man, pay him, give him three thousand dollars for his family, with the understanding that he shall do certain work."

Our breakfast concluded with the sweet-potatoes and honey, after which we were treated to coffee as black as tar. Gomez drank his from a silver mug, and I drank mine out of a cup made from a cow's horn. Afterward I still sat and conversed with the general, and our conversation drifted upon the civil government.

"You people in the North have denied that we have any government," he said. "Your President has denied it. But we have a government—a government which every one is obliged to respect. I have to obey it; the law rules. I have the power to give commissions, but once having given an officer his rank, I cannot take it away from him. If he has not done his duty, I must have him tried by a court martial and proved guilty before I can remove or degrade him. Why, I cannot even take away the appointment of a prefecto; and when I obtain from him any provisions, I must give him a receipt; for that is the law."

The day following my breakfast with Gomez we had changed our camping-place, and strolling by the grove where Gomez had stretched his canvas, I noticed him seated in his hammock writing. As he casually looked up he saw me, and beckoned to me. When I bent under his canvas he showed me the paper upon which he had been writing. It was a copy of the New York *Herald* containing his portrait, with that of President Cisneros, and he had just been penning a note on the margin requesting me to take a photograph of himself similar to it, to send to his wife in San Domingo. As he held the paper up he explained that he did not like the picture, for, said he, pointing to the shade made by the lines of the artist, "it has got spots on it."

I told him that as I hadn't brought a photographing gallery along I couldn't promise him a very fine picture, but I would try to see what I could do.

By a chance circumstance I had obtained a private order signed by General Weyler which might be construed into a pass. Thinking it would interest Gomez. I drew it from my pocket-book and showed it to him. He read it carefully.

"Do you think I could get back through the Spanish lines with that?" I asked.

He nodded his head without taking his eyes off the paper; suddenly he turned to me, as though just waking up to some fact, and in an easy tone said:

"You are lucky. This paper is signed by our enemy, and if any of our forces had found you with it, you would have been immediately executed. I would have done it myself."

This was a startling declaration, and I exclaimed, "Why, wouldn't I have been tried first?"

"Wouldn't need any trial. This paper would have been sufficient. Any of my officers reporting that they had killed a man carrying this paper, I would have said it was all right. It would have been all right. No one can carry that assassin's signature and be our friend."

As the old general said this, still in an easy tone, I wondered where the court martial, the government, and the law came in which he had expounded to me so clearly the day before. Past experience had accustomed me to dangers and difficulties, but to have the commander-in-chief of the rebel army tell me in this easy-going style that I should have been hanged, and not knowing but that he was going to see to it now, caused me to feel a little curious.

He called to his chief clerk, and as the man, more conveniently to talk to his commander, knelt under the canvas, Gomez said:

"Look here! Don Tomas carries a double-edged sword—a—a—bomb of dynamite—look at it," and he handed his clerk the bit of paper with Weyler's signature.

The clerk looked as though indeed the general had thrust a dynamite bomb into his hand.

"It is liable to go off," said the general, "but Don Tomas has shown his good faith by bringing it to me."

I felt relieved, and the consequence was I explained to Gomez how I came by the pass; and he, to "save my life," ordered his chief clerk to destroy it. He then asked me for my passport. I drew from its case the old ragged and tattered passport which had done me such good service last year when I was held up so often by the Spaniards, for the reason that it had been made out in Madrid. The old man unfolded the paper, and, like the Spanish officers who had examined it so many times, he read the only word which he could read—Madrid. He shut his lips together and shook his head slowly from side to side; then he uttered:

"Marlo! Marlo! It seems that Don Tomas has bad signs all about him. Look at that—MADRID—a name in itself enough to condemn him. Well! well! we'll have to *visé* this, so you write across there that he is to receive the protection of our forces, and I will sign it."

So the orders were given not only to destroy the Weyler pass which I had counted upon to get me back once more through the Spanish lines, but my poor old Madrid passport was turned into a death-warrant in case I should be arrested by Weyler's forces with the thing in my possession.

Then he said to his clerk, "Don Tomas can now go safely out of our lines."

"But, general," said I, "with my passport signed by you, and my Weyler pass gone, the Spaniards will do me up."

"Oh no, I guess not," said he, coolly. "If they do, it will bring about complications between your government and Spain." Then to his clerk he continued: "He can go back to the United States, and when he is once there he is at liberty to write as he chooses about us. If he writes good about us, all right. If he writes bad about us it will be all right too, but when he comes back here again, and he has written bad about us, we will know it, and we will know what to do with him."

Turning to the general I said, "General, it seems to me that you hate the Spaniards."

"Hate them! I hate them so I could make war upon them forever!"

"But what were your forefathers, pray?"

I think that is the only question I ever asked point-blank of General Gomez, and he did not answer it, but continued:

"Don't you know that they assassinated my son?* They are a bloodthirsty race; I hate them, and I shall make war on them as long as I live. If there were no war in Cuba, I would go to the Philippines to fight them; and when this war is over, I intend getting up a revolution in Santo Domingo, just so that I can drive the Spaniards out of there, and then I shall make the laws. I shall let Cubans come there, and I shall let Americans come there; but I shall not allow a Spaniard there at all, and I shall even prohibit the consumption of Spanish wines—that's what I shall do!"

Thomas Robinson Dawley, Jr.

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* Francisco Gomez, the son referred to, was killed while with Maceo in fair fight near Puerto Bravo.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

London, *May 12, 1897.*

How I got into the Beefsteak Room of the Lyceum Theatre, and more particularly how I got out in the small hours of the morning, I do not know. There was a small hole in the wall, which the cab-driver said was the stage-entrance, so in I stepped, much as I would into the hatchway of a transatlantic engine-room, and found myself following an intricate and narrow passageway, lined with tubing of different sizes, all no doubt having to do with water, gas, electricity, or phonetic dynamics. The entrance to this labyrinth was guarded by a benevolent old gentleman who might have acted the Vicar of Wakefield or the Archbishop of London. Like master, like man, is nowhere better exemplified than in things controlled by Sir Henry Irving. His dignity and quiet, above all, his courtly courtesy, have communicated themselves to every person about the Lyceum Theatre, from his manager, the naturally tempestuous Bram Stoker, to the least important pusher of scenery.

I followed the gentle wave of the kindly hand through a devious succession of tube-lined cuttings, and emerged upon the vast stage, where a small army of men were busily clearing away the scenery of Sardou's *Madame Sans Gêne*. I paused here to contemplate the vast black expanse before me, where, but a few minutes before, a throng of delighted spectators had been applauding the play—one which to me gains in dramatic interest each time that I see it. The sudden change in a theatre between the going down of the last curtain and the going out of the last spectator bears pathetic analogy to the rapidity with which dramatic reputation is made and lost. We of to-day, who know the relative value of the actors whom we see, have no means, after their death, of explaining their greatness to those who have not seen them. How can you or I know whether Siddons or David Garrick was as great as Ellen Terry or the late beloved Booth? We can measure the literary strength of Sam Johnson, but we cannot possibly tell whether his opinion of David Garrick was or was not justified.

In such meditations I gradually threaded my way across the stage, and found myself in another labyrinth of mysterious passageways, similarly decorated. I asked again for the Beefsteak Room, and was courteously pointed up a narrow flight of steps, suggestive of the rise over a water-tight bulkhead in a man-of-war.

Here at last was the Beefsteak Room, the famous night resort of George IV. when Prince Regent, where he and his fellow-roisterers grilled their steaks and drank each his three bottles of port, in order to fortify themselves for the adventures to which they subsequently sallied forth. The same old grille is still preserved, and equally cherished are the good features that marked the gatherings of a hundred years ago. The stranger has his attention first called to a legend on the wall warning him that all things spoken here are privileged communications, never to be divulged abroad. Here is no sectarian spirit, either in church or state. All men are here equal, for into this republic come only citizens of the working world. Whether it is the Prince of Wales to whom Sir Henry Irving gives his hand, or whether it is a struggling violinist thirsting for metropolitan fame, it would be hard for the stranger to detect by the action of the host which of the two guests was the more important.

Midnight is the supper hour here, and as I looked about the walls, hung with portraits of notable worthies, and then from them to the fine face of the master at this feast, I felt that the canvases were real, and that to them our glasses should be raised in gratitude. There at the end, over the mantel-piece, was David Garrick, smiling sweetly down upon us—more particularly at Mr. Bayard, our departing ambassador. This was something of a farewell to him; in fact, Mr. Bayard has been eating farewell dinners now for the last three months, and seems to enjoy them hugely. I suppose that Colonel John Hay will not feel that he is really the American ambassador in London until the ship with Mr. Bayard and the log of the *Mayflower* is safely reported at Sandy Hook.

Ellen Terry sits next to the departing diplomat—a wondrous monument of youthful beauty, stimulated by intellectual spices which render her personal attractions greater to-day than they ever could have been in past years. On the wall is her canvas counterfeit representing her as Lady Macbeth. David Garrick looks from one to the other in evident satisfaction. There is a noble portrait, by Herkomer, of a grand old Jew, to whom Sir Henry was dearly attached—the father of modern journalism, one might almost call him. Moses Levi was his name; he founded the *Daily Telegraph* with £500, introduced the social column as a feature, and died drawing from that little investment of $2500 an annual income of more than $500,000.

The spirit of the Beefsteak Club forces me to silence as to the much wit and wisdom that passed across and about the long table. Sir Henry dwelt with tender emotion upon the excellent qualities of Moses Levi, and told this anecdote to illustrate the largeness of his mind in matters of business: Not satisfied with having satisfactory presses for his own paper, he insisted upon building new premises to accommodate another set, giving as his reason that in case of an accident—such as a fire, for instance—he would then not have to interrupt the issue of his paper. And then, after vindicating his character for enlightened self-interest, Mr. Levi rubbed his hands and, with a chuckle, remarked: "Think what a pleasure it would be if a fire should destroy the machinery at the *Times* office in Printing-House Square! I could then say to them, 'Come here, gentlemen, and you may print your paper on my presses.'"

At the time this was spoken the idea was sublime. I don't know where to find an analogy—excepting perhaps in the gallant offer, made in 1853, by little Sardinia to assist Great Britain in her war against Russia. Perhaps we Americans would feel as the *London Times* then felt should we learn that Peru or Paraguay was preparing a fleet not merely for their own defence, but that they might offer it to the United States in case we should some day be blockaded by Spain or Germany.

Few strangers from abroad could enter the Beefsteak Rooms without finding something to recall their home, and this is particularly true of Americans. Close to David Garrick stood a bust of George Washington—by Houdon, I think. Behind where Mary Anderson was sitting hung an excellent painting of her friend Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle; and in another corner, facing George Washington, is a bust of Germany's greatest actor, Ludwig Barnay, who was, by-the-way, a warm admirer of our Edwin Booth. Barnay has frequently recalled to me with pleasure his visit to America and the hours spent at the Players Club in New York.

The Beefsteak Room is a treasure-house of delightful relics and memories. I have only caught up a few in passing, and can give but a suggestion of how past and present blend themselves within the radius of Sir Henry Irving's influence. I have noted only what I saw and felt. Some day I shall try to dig out the history of this strange resort, for I heard enough to make me think that it would interest many of us who know it only as a name.

Poultney Bigelow.

"'TIS LOVE THAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND."

A thousand years ago, or more,
  A maiden and a youth
Discovered for themselves anew
  An old, yet living truth;
    For through their love these lovers found
    'Twas love that made the world go round,
    As youths and maidens had before
    A thousand years ago and more.

A thousand years from now, or more,
  A youth will know the bliss
Of gazing into eyes that flash
  The love-light back to his;
    And send the world for many a day
    A-spinning gayly on its way,
    A-spinning faster than before,
    Another thousand years, or more.

. . . .

  And, Love, have you and I not found
  'Tis love that makes the world go round?

Gustav Kobbé.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Very general interest has been felt in the Holland submarine torpedo-boat, which was launched on May 17 at Nixon's ship-yard at Elizabeth, New Jersey. She is fifty feet three inches long, and ten feet three inches wide amidships. She has an oil-engine of 48 horse-power, and a dynamo of 150 horse-power. She is intended to sail at the surface of the water or below it, as occasion demands, and to carry a crew of ten men. Presently, when her machinery has been put into her, she will make a trial trip, and if she turns out well she will be sold to whatever nation is inclined to buy her. She has four rudders for her guidance; she sinks by letting water into her air-chambers, and when she is ready to rise she drives the water out again by compressed air. She carries enough compressed air to keep her crew alive at least ten hours. Men have dived in submarine boats and have come up again alive. Others have dived and have not come up. The practice of submarine navigation being still in its infancy, and no submarine habits being formed as yet by any one, it seems rather a ticklish business to make the first practical experiments with this new boat. Nobody doubts that she will sink, but the average man will have reservations of opinion about her ability to come up again until she has been seen to do it. Because of these reservations the average man will not be aboard of her when she essays her first dive. Five men will go under in her, one of whom will be her inventor. Her business under water will be to throw dynamite shells at war-ships. It would certainly be a great practical joke to dive under a modern ironclad worth two or three millions, explode a big dynamite shell against her bottom, scuttle off to a safe distance, and then come to the top and note the resulting surprise. It is thought that this sort of humor will appeal to modern governments, and that some of them will be willing to pay a hundred thousand dollars for the chance of playing a joke of this kind sometime when occasion offers. What very eccentric creatures modern governments and modern men are, and what astonishing devices they instigate and construct!

It would seem as if a reliable flying-machine that could poise above a war-ship and drop dynamite on it might be even more successful as a practical joker than this boat of Mr. Holland's. Where Mr. Holland has the advantage is that his boat is actually in the water, whereas the airships are still in the air and in the newspapers, and refuse to take any bait that has as yet been left out for them.

How very little we know as yet about the inside whys and wherefores of the Greco-Turkish war! Greece seemed to be doing well, when suddenly her leaders appeared to lose their heads, and her soldiers ran away without fighting. It has been a disgusting war to watch. Harold Frederic, in a letter to the New York *Times*, insists that there has been no fair play in it, and that when the Greeks were winning in Thessaly and Epirus, "all at once something happened in the Crown-Prince's staff which changed the whole face of affairs." It has all been very shady, and suggestive of loaded dice and the pulling of wires. It would be better to have no wars at all than such as this. Persons deficient in ferocity and sporting blood may excuse it precisely for the reason that it has tended to make war unpopular, but that that is not a sound sentiment the sort of peace that is likely to follow this war will probably demonstrate. No one seems to have been honestly whipped. The referees have quibbled and conspired together; the spectators have crowded into the ring. The exhibition has been a poor, sorry, disgraceful thing, and the settlement must turn on the decision of a bench of judges, every man of whom had something up on the event. When a decision is rendered it will probably turn out that the stake-holder has run off with the stakes, and that the judges were privy to his embezzlement. Such wars as that retard civilization.

Sympathizers with the Greeks in their distresses may still help them with money. Mr. James T. Woodward, treasurer of the Chamber of Commerce committee, receives contributions for Cretan refugees. Money for the hospital and Red Cross work, and for widows and orphans of Greek soldiers, is received for the Greek Ladies' Committee by the Knickerbocker Trust Company, and by Mrs. P. Y. Fachiri, at the Buckingham Hotel.

When wages were reduced two years ago in the New Bedford and Fall River cotton-mills, the mills managed by the late Mr. Howland made no reduction. Now that Mr. Howland is dead, and these mills have passed into a receiver's hands, wages in them have been reduced to the rate that is paid by the other mills, and a strike has resulted. This result seems to justify the opinion of Mr. Howland's fellow-managers that the reduction in which he would not join was necessary to the continuance of business. To keep wages as high as business warrants seems, in the long-run, a sounder generosity than to keep them up when business does not warrant it.

Mr. E. R. Chapman, the New York broker, who is doing a month in jail in Washington for refusing to answer questions put to him by a Senate investigating committee, seems not likely to suffer any distressing hardships during his term of confinement. He has two comfortably furnished cells, good food, the newspapers, and his daily mail, and may receive visitors from twelve to two daily. It is not suspected that he has anything very harassing on his conscience, and if his liver continues docile there is no apparent reason why he should not pass a joyous month. Any rightly constituted normal man would prefer the shelter of a well-managed jail to that of the New York Stock Exchange; but Mr. Chapman, being a broker, is probably more or less abnormal and perverted as to his tastes. If only the jail rules forbade newspapers, this would be the opportunity of a lifetime for him to do some solid reading, and he might gain an experience of literature such as no broker (except Mr. Stedman) has enjoyed since the war.

The Tombs, New York's famous prison, is being torn down to make way for a bigger one. As a prison it had outlived its usefulness, and was crowded, unhealthy, and inadequate; but as a specimen of Egyptian architecture it was as good as new, and is so decided a loss to the city that it seems a pity that the outside of it cannot be moved away and set up somewhere else.

A good many Americans of forty years old and upwards remember Max Maretzek as a manager of opera. Since the early seventies, when Colonel Mapleson came into the field, Maretzek had been little before the public, and had busied himself with the giving of music lessons in New York, but his death on May 14, at his home at Pleasant Plains, on Staten Island, recalls the days when he was a conspicuous figure in the world of music. He was born in Brünn in 1821, studied and practised there, became conductor of the local orchestra, composed an opera, and went to Paris, and from there to London, where he was assistant conductor to Balfe at Her Majesty's Theatre. In 1848 he came to New York, and was engaged by Mr. E. P. Fry as conductor for the Italian Opera Company in Astor Place. The next year he became manager of the theatre in Astor Place, and for several years afterwards was conductor of Italian opera in New York. When the Academy of Music was opened in 1854 he was its first tenant, and for twenty years thereafter he was the most noted promulgator of opera in this country. Under his management sang Brignoli and La Grange, Piccolomini, Patti, Kellogg, Ranconi, Adelaide Phillips, Minnie Hauck, and Lucca. Many operas now familiar, including *Il Trovatore, Lucia, William Tell, Faust, Semiramide, La Traviata*, and others, were first given in this country by him.

The great fight in Toronto over the Sunday street-car question resulted in a victory for the side that wanted Sunday cars, by a majority of 479 in a total vote of over 32,000. Most readers of the Weekly, living in American cities where Sunday street cars are looked upon as necessaries, will feel that the right side won in this fight, and it cannot be doubted that within a year or two that opinion will be very much more nearly universal than now in Toronto. Meanwhile Toronto people who think it wrong to run street cars on Sunday can continue to go afoot as heretofore. That is the advantage of the present situation. It allows people who have scruples to be governed by them, but does not make other folks subservient to them. Think of New York without Sunday street cars! What a superlatively good thing it would be for the livery-stables, the automotive people, and the bicycle-makers, and how exasperating to almost every one else!

The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor hit upon an admirable idea when it devised the vacation schools. When the public schools close for the long summer vacation the pupils in them have one less refuge. In many parts of New York the great public-school buildings, standing among the tenement-houses, are the hopefulest and most attractive buildings in sight, and are by all means the best to which the children have access. The aim of the association is to keep the cool clean rooms of these fine buildings open in summer, and to let the children come to them out of the hot and crowded tenements and streets. This they have done to some extent for three years. In 1894, when the experiment was first tried, they had an average attendance of 933 pupils, at a cost of 11.5 cents a day for each child. In 1895 they had an average attendance of 3296 for six weeks, at a cost of 5.6 cents a day for each child. Last year the attendance was a little larger, and the cost fell to 4.9 cents, but thousands of children were turned away from the six schools that were open, for lack of room. The total number of attendances last year was 101,009, which makes the cost of the work about $5000. This year the association wants to open ten schools for six weeks, including August. No text-books are used in these vacation schools. The appeal of the association says:

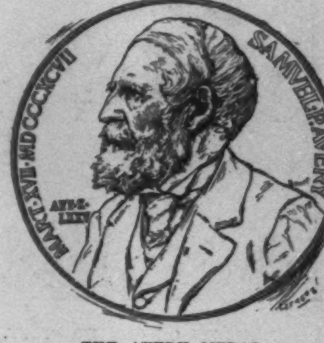
> For the very little ones there is music and dancing, frolic and fun, with simple instruction in color, form, and notation introduced in the form of play.
>
> The little men are given lessons in paper-folding, cutting, pasting, simple sewing, and clay-modelling.
>
> The girls of eight years of age and upward are taught advanced sewing, cutting-out, dress-making, singing, modelling, and composition; and every day they are allowed a delightful half-hour's impromptu dancing on the cool ground-floor of the school, the piano accompaniment being played by a teacher.
>
> The boys are instructed in designing, map-drawing, clay-modelling, wood-cutting, carving, carpentering, military drill, and vocal music.
>
> Discipline is maintained, but such discretion is used that learning becomes a pleasure, and attendance a privilege.

If any one has any doubts about the beneficence of this enterprise, a single walk on a summer afternoon through the crowded districts of the East Side will set those doubts at rest. The Board of Education furnishes the buildings for this work, but the expenses must all be met by voluntary subscriptions. The privileges of the vacation schools for six weeks cost $1 50 for each child. R. Fulton Cutting is president of the association. Howard Townsend is chairman of the committee. Subscriptions should be sent to William H. Tolman, 105 East Twenty-second Street, and should be marked "For the Vacation Schools." Checks should be made payable to Warner Van Norden, treasurer.

Persons who wonder (as some persons do) what is the use of such societies as the Sons of the Revolution and the Daughters of Various Things are invited to hie themselves, before all the spring blossoms have dropped, to Van Cortlandt Park, in Westchester County, and to inspect the old Van Cortlandt mansion, which has been restored to something like its old order and state by the Colonial Dames, and will be maintained by them as a public museum. If Colonial Dames can do things as useful as this, it is evident that something besides vanity lies at bottom of their organization. The Van Cortlandt house was built in 1748, and was very substantially constructed. It has its bedroom where Washington slept, and it claims to have apartments wherein was entertained that British Duke of Clarence who afterwards reigned as William IV. How many Americans ever heard that William IV. ever visited New York, or even got as near to it as Westchester County?

The house has been carefully restored, at a cost of some $5000, and some old Dutch furniture and ornaments have been collected to go into it. It will be formally opened on May 27, the 250th anniversary of the landing of Governor Stuyvesant.

The gold medal lately presented to Mr. Samuel P. Avery, one side of which appears in the picture herewith, is by Anton Scharff, director of the mint in Vienna, an artist famous for his medals, a collection of which was lately gathered for permanent exhibition at the Paris mint. On the side here shown is Mr. Avery's portrait. On the reverse is a female figure, representing art criticism, seated in a library. The givers of the medal were seventy-six gentlemen, friends and neighbors of Mr. Avery, and many of them trustees of the Metropolitan Museum, the New York Public Library, Columbia University, the Grolier Club, and other institutions with which he is connected. It was intended that the medal should be presented on his seventy-fifth birthday, which fell in March, but the medal being delayed, the presentation did not befall until May 5. On the evening of that day his friends met at his house, and Mr. Henry G. Marquand made the sort of speech known as "a few graceful words," and the medal was conferred. Accompanying it was an engraved testimonial signed by the members of the Committee of Arrangements, setting forth the significance of the gift as "an expression of general appreciation of the sympathetic spirit, the integrity, the beneficence, and especially the artistic influences" that had characterized Mr. Avery's relations with the community so long favored by his residence.



THE AVERY MEDAL.

The stories of self-abnegation and heroic behavior which came with the first reports of the Paris Charity Bazar fire are in strong contrast with the later tales of the brutal fervor with which some men fought and trampled their way out. It would seem, if the reports are true, as if there must be a number of survivors of that dreadful fire for whom Paris will hardly be again a pleasant home. The public standard of behavior for men in the face of death is high, and though probably it does not avail much to regulate behavior when the peril is imminent, it it may make itself felt effectually enough after the fact.

If all goes well, on May 26, the day on which this copy of the Weekly begins to reach its readers, the much-discussed "*Mayflower* log," better described as the Bradford manuscript, will be formally delivered by Mr. Bayard to Governor Wolcott of Massachusetts. It will be done in the Representatives' Chamber in the State House in Boston, in the presence of the members of both branches of the Legislature of the commonwealth. Senator Hoar is expected to be present, and to tell all about the manuscript and the circumstances of its recovery. Then Mr. Bayard will give it to the Governor, the Governor will make appropriate remarks, and then maybe New England rum and gin-sling will be passed around in memory of the good old colony times.

So far as can be discerned, the friction arising out of the proposition made in London that the manuscript should be delivered to Ambassador Hay instead of Mr. Bayard was more conspicuous in the newspapers than anywhere else. Senator Hoar, who was supposed to have been implicated in it, and even to have instigated it, published a polite letter disclaiming all intention of slighting Mr. Bayard, and speaking with warm appreciation of his services in procuring the manuscript's return.

How fast the literature of locality is growing in America! It is only twenty years or so since the story of New England life was almost the only notable example of its species. As told by Hawthorne, it is still the best example, and a long list of good writers, with Miss Mary Wilkins's name included in it, has made it the most familiar. But now we have Craddock stories of Tennessee, Joel Chandler Harris stories of Georgia, Cable stories of New Orleans, Octave Thanet stories of Iowa and the middle West, William A. White stories of Kansas, and others, equally notable, of other localities, not to mention Bret Harte's familiar tales of California, and Mr. Howells's occasional excursions to the westward of the New England line. The more important recent American biographies are of great assistance, too, in teaching how all sorts of Americans live and feel. What we don't know about the various communities in Illinois, that have been minutely pictured as backgrounds in the biographies of Lincoln, can hardly be important.

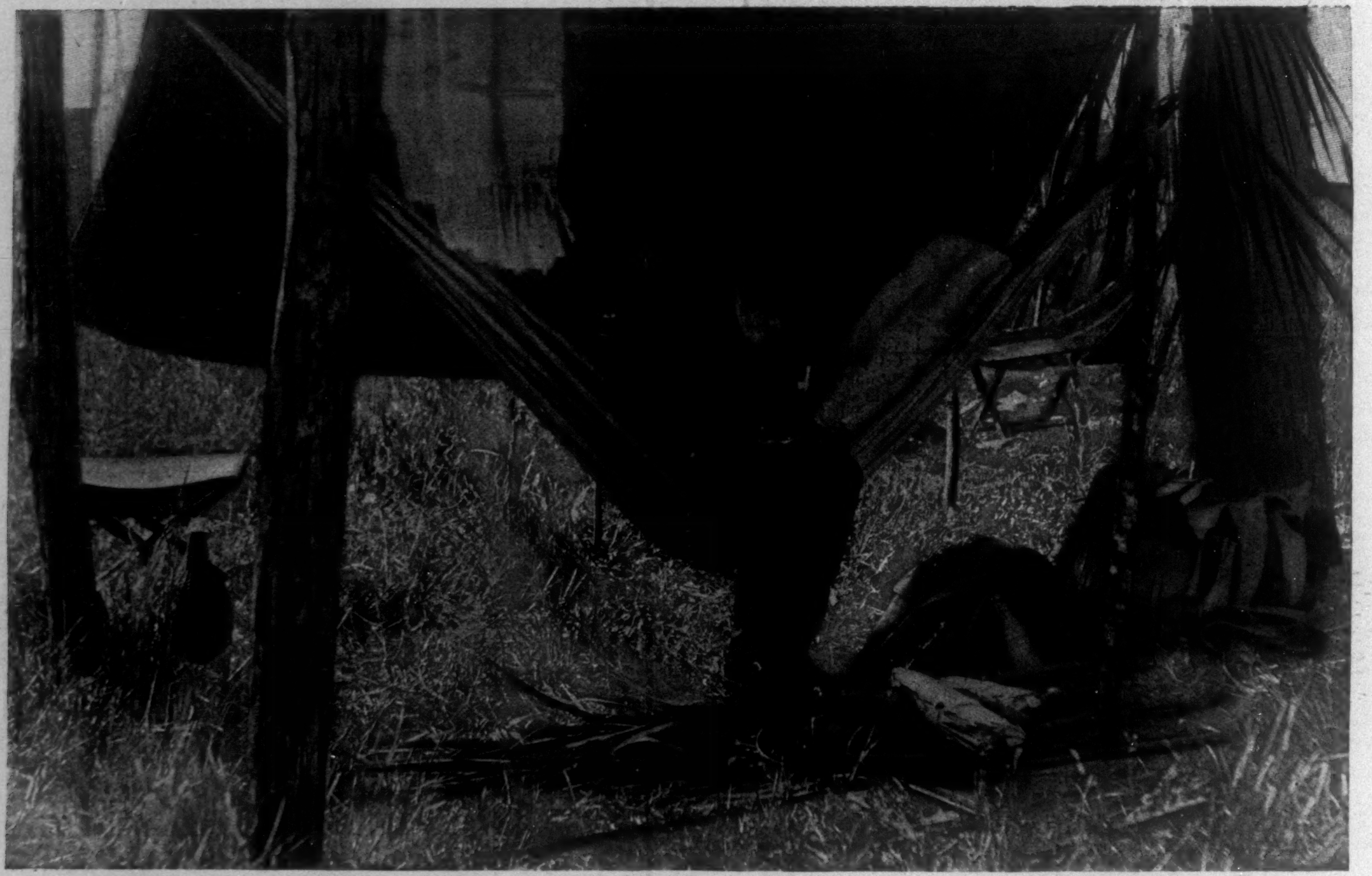
It is a matter of common observation that in most communities there are a few men who are so much in demand that it would seem very much to the interest of the public that they should be duplicated. Mr. Evarts in his younger days was such a man in New York; so was Mr. Hewitt until his nerves or his patience gave out; so are still Dr. Depew and Mr. Joseph Choate. But of all contemporary New-Yorkers the one for whom just now the demand seems most in excess of the supply is Mr. Seth Low. There is no telling how many Seth Lows New York could use if they were procurable. The one she has is hard worked already, and is threatened with no less serious additional employment than is incident to the discharge of the duties of Mayor of the bigger New York. It is true that Mr. Low is a college president already, but a man may be that by proxy for a time, so that his duties to Columbia would not necessarily hinder him from being a candidate for Mayor.

E. S. Martin.

MEMBERS OF GOMEZ'S STAFF.

THE CAMP AFTER BREAKFAST.

GENERAL CARTILLA, GOMEZ'S CHIEF OF STAFF.



MAXIMO GOMEZ, COMMANDING GENERAL OF THE CUBAN INSURGENTS, SEATED IN HIS HAMMOCK.

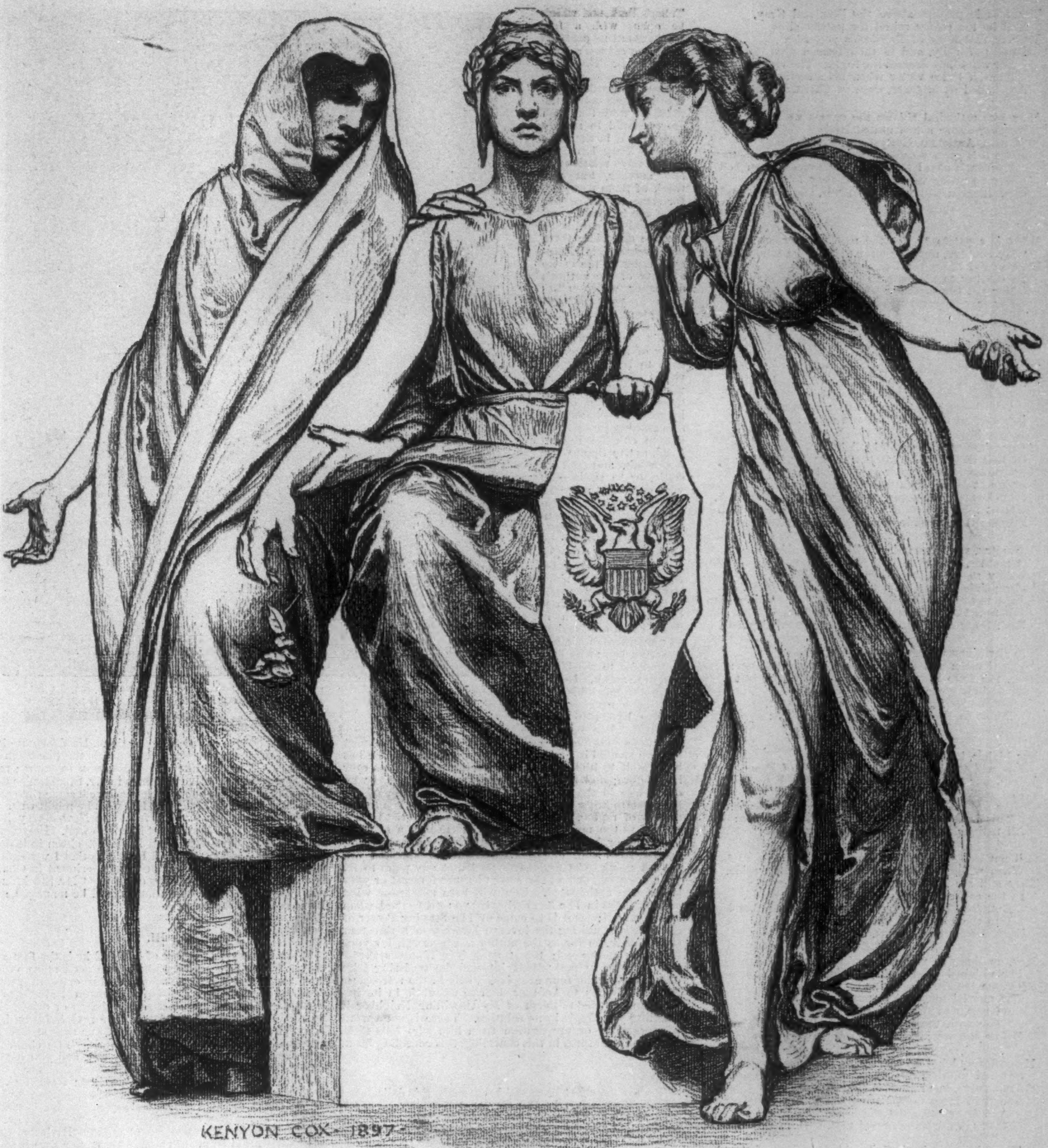
ONE OF GOMEZ'S OFFICERS.

A SENTRY.

ONE OF GOMEZ'S ASISTENTES.

WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS—A BREAKFAST WITH GOMEZ.

From Photographs by Thomas Robinson Dawley, Jr., our Special Correspondent.—[See Page 534.]



MEMORIAL DAY.

"By their great memories the Gods are known."—GEORGE MEREDITH.

I.

MAY is the firstling of the summer year,
Bland month and beautiful beneath the sky;
An Elim where the water-wells are clear
When winter's bitter Marah is gone by.
May faces toward the pleasance yet to be:
The greenwood splendors, the maturity
Of bloom—Hope's home is May—and May is here.

What semblance flashes so divinely clear
Yet mystic to the dazzled eye as this
Of Hope? Not Youth alone, but manhood's cheer,
Old age's desolation, sorrow's kiss
Above a tomb,—these all draw strength from her,
Quenchless, the first, the final comforter,
What Being utterly shall of her miss?

But kinsman proper unto Hope, the bright,
Is Memory, elder, graver, wrapt in Time
As in a mantle: mellow is the light
She casts obliquely; images sublime
She conjures up, and barren were the days
That missed the magic of her holy haze,
Making old seasons seem a summer clime.

Yea, not in Hope alone are mortals strong:
They have their memories; looking down the past,
We do behold them, a most stately throng
Of figures in a mould heroic cast;
Recumbent, but all vital to arouse
A nation, and to quicken a people's vows
By proud ensample of the lives that last.

If by their memories the Gods are known,
So too are men and women, for they grow
Godlike in telling over all their own
Emblazoned deeds; heroes are nourished so,
Idealisms spring, romances thrive,
Wherever those with heart and hope alive
Draw solace from the great of long ago.

Moved by this sense of dignity inurned
In scenes historic and in moments great;
Heart-touched by tender thoughts of knighthood earned
On scarlet fields, each hero-mindful State
Gathers around the graves of fallen sons
And covers up the flesh-scars and the guns
With flowers, those soft effacers of old hate.

II.

May and the sunshine keen on everything!
But hark, the martial music's solemn sound:
Now, in the forefront of the plastic spring,
Pause momently, and let the ancient wound
Quiver again,—not for dark rancor's sake,
But only forever to keep wide awake
Memories of deaths superb and courage-crowned.

Now is the cleavage deep of North and South
Well closed,—the years o'er-cover it, as grass
Softens and sweetens some dry place of drouth
When comes the blessed rain; the requiem-mass
Is chanted of the mood that shattered peace:
Where common sorrows are, anger must cease:
Sorrow and love remain, while passions pass.

And if there come wild words of East and West,
Let us invoke our mighty memories,
Even as the Gods again; declare it best
To sail together over tranquil seas,
One ship, one helmsman, one ambition high:
To show the world a strength that can lay by
War, and the thought of war, and such as these.

Yea, mingle prayers above the Blue and Gray,
And be the pæans raised for patriot sires
Who in that hour of Freedom's yesterday
Fought sturdily, and lit their beacon fires
For what they deemed the Right. The victor shows
Himself twice victor when his sometime foes
Are hailed as brothers, even as Christ requires.

How like cathedral chimes the names we know,
Ringing above a leal united land:
Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Shiloh,
Sherman's grim march to reach the white sea-strand,
Lookout's cloud fight, the Wilderness—each bell
Reverberating valor . . . . list! they tell
How Lincoln and Lee are friends, and understand.

III.

What is a patriot? Not the man who swears:
"My country, right or wrong:" nor he who claims
That sacred thing, yet like a dastard dares
To use her to his ends, to hide his shames:
Nor yet the weakling sore afraid to chide
For fear he seem untrue: the gap is wide
'Twixt empty mouthings and high manhood's aims.

A patriot? He should be a blend of faith
And fealty and fear of any stain
Upon his mistress' honor; for the wraith
Of mere Appearance many a man hath slain,
Who reckoned that blind praise was Duty's all.
Who loves, chastises; at his country's call,
Behold him valiant in the van again!

He agonizes o'er the awful plight
Of that disfeatured host that lacks for bread:
He watches Labor in her new-found might
Strike at Monopoly's dire dragon head,
He lets the Time-spirit lead him towards the truth,
That mind see clear and heart be moved to ruth
For the land's children who are sore-bested.

O country, vast, dramatic, thrilled with life,
O mother, bountiful of womb and breast,
We may reproach thee, even use the knife
For pain's release upon thy body, lest
Fair growth be checked;—but should an alien dare
Befoul thy fame, a lion from its lair
Each State shall spring, each burg prove loyalest.

Into thy sinews enter Norse and Celt,
The German and the Gaul, they westward steer:
From the frore north and from the southern belt
Of nations come the folk to fellow here:
But under-bone is English, sturdy stock,
Pliant to Fate, yet founded like a rock:
Fraternal, all, in Freedom's atmosphere!

For higher, holier than the will to war,
The will to love; now may the path of Peace
Within our States, be like the pilot star
In the night sky, by myriads to increase
As the millennium broadens, gleam by gleam:
This is the prophet's word, the poet's dream:
All nations living in love's great release.

Call not this womanish, a sluggard's hope:
When whilom brave men lay their swords aside,
They still are brave; but they no longer grope
In the earth-chambers where the beasts abide,
But, feet firm-based, they lift their foreheads high
Into the ample air, and from the sky
Draw loftier inspirations, larger-eyed.

Nay, on this day memorial ne'er forget
The visioned good, the revelation august
Of Peace betwixt the peoples: may we let
Our martial mood be cleansed of any lust
Of war, and this America clasp hands
Close with the parent English, two proud lands
Before the world who let their weapons rust.

Memories and hopes! O mingle on this day
Savored with flowers, made sacred by the tears
Of mourners, musical with the far-away
Sound of large doings from the vanished years;
And buoyant, midst the musèd tenderness,
Through the stanch creed that, slowly, Wrong grows less,
The while our land, God-guided, hath no fears.

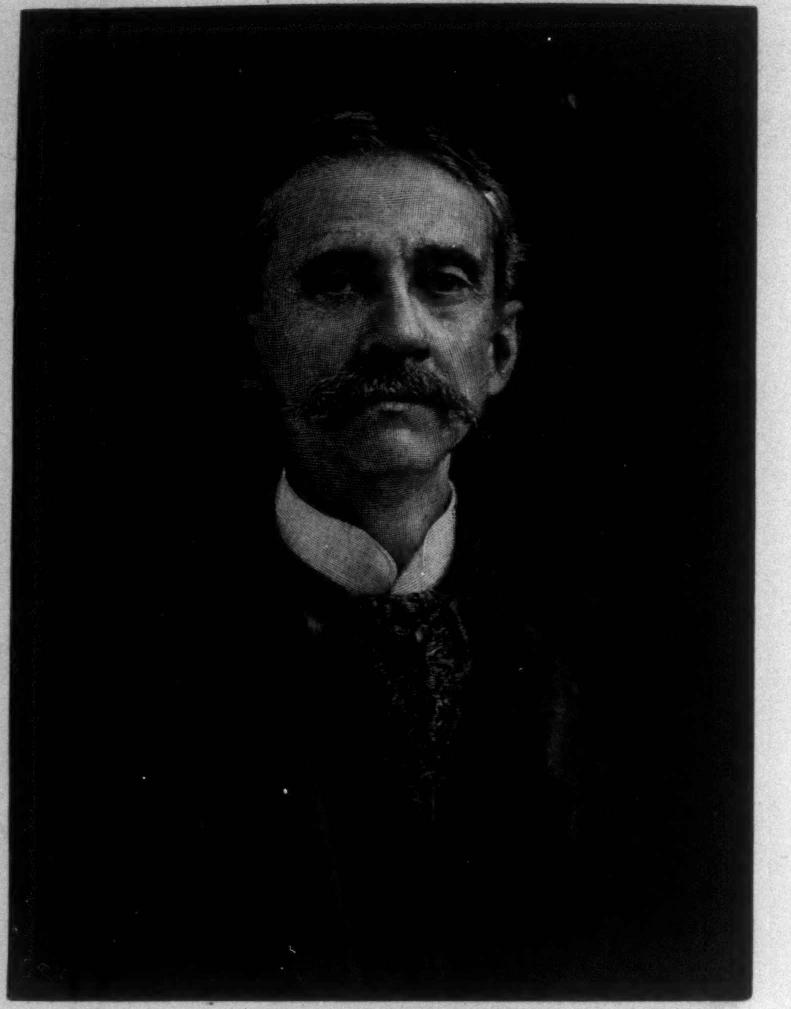
RICHARD BURTON.

LIFE AND LETTERS

IT is possible that Mr. Frank R. Stockton enjoys his stories more than I do; but I doubt it, and I should like at least to claim that I had an earlier relish for the Stocktonian quality of humor. Or, if not that, then I should like to be recognized as the more constant lover of it, and I think I could prove my right in this. Sometimes I note a faltering in Mr. Stockton, as if he would like to be serious, or perhaps less humorous, and in this last he sometimes succeeds; but he never can be too humorous, or too constantly humorous for me, and when he is most serious I wish he were not so much so. I may possibly have been misled by his appearance of gravity, of course; and in that case I am willing to acknowledge that the joke is on me.

I.

Mr. Stockton's appearance of gravity has never been greater than in his latest book, which he calls A Story Teller's Pack, and which he opens with a few words about its contents at least as earnest as anything in it. He keeps his countenance and his counsel concerning what it is to come out of the pack so well that you are prepared to receive each article in the same spirit. They have not really any relation to one another, but you think of them together, for some reason, as you do of the heads of a sermon; and it would be as hard to dissociate them in the retrospect. I fancy it must be the entire sobriety of the author's demeanor which allies them in your illogical perception, and it is perhaps this which gives all his work a peculiar unity of impression. It used to be thought the right thing for a man who was telling a story meant to make others laugh to behave as if he saw nothing funny in it; not to chuckle beforehand, not to tip any one the wink, and not to smile, or to smile only very sparingly, when all was over. This method was liable to misconstruction, and sometimes the hearer was so far deceived by it that he forbore out of respect for the story-teller to show any signs of amusement, if he felt it. But it is this method which in that certain old-fashioned quaintness of his, Mr. Stockton has made bold to practise to the bitter end, so to speak. He has made it so much his own that in a nervous, impulsive, hysterical time like this, when people's intentions so often run away with them, he seems almost to have created it anew. If he has not done that, he has brought it to higher artistic perfection than it has ever had before; and if there is presently any humorist who excels him in the fine art of keeping his countenance, I have yet to know him. It comes with him at last to the quality of repose, which is the supreme grace in the arts as well as the manners. When you take up a story of his, short or long, you enter restfully upon its perusal, assured from your unvaried experience of him that you are not going to be nudged or jostled at any point to fix your attention, or to have your pleasure forecast or your knowledge anticipated. You will here not know what disaster lurks in The Magic Egg till you get to the bottom of it yourself; what is to come of The Staying Power of Sir Rohan in uniting the lovers whose union it threatens shall remain, so far as the author is concerned, for your discovery at the end; the story of The Widow's Cruise shall surpass in marvellous interest the seafaring tales of her guests, the four captains, chiefly in the retrospect; As One Woman to Another shall be as subtle in its implications as the problem of My Unwilling Neighbor is startling yet simple in its solution. There is not a word of suggestion or preparation from him who tells these tales, and the others in this charming, this consoling book.


FRANK R. STOCKTON.

II.

There is an effect like good breeding in this delicate art of Mr. Stockton's. If you are yourself a tolerably civilized person it will make you welcome, it will make you at home, and in its airiest and most fantastic caprice it will be of such winning good faith with you that you can never feel yourself the victim of anything like a practical joke. Say, if you please, that the conclusions to which your host invites you are almost invariably reached by impossible means, you never can deny that you have had a good time, or that you have not always been treated like a gentleman. Even when he lets you take your leave under the burden of such a problem as was laid upon the world in The Tiger or the Lady, you feel that he would not have done so if he could have helped it: the thing was inevitable, fatal, predestinate; and he is immensely sorry for it, but he did not do it purposely.

Of course he cannot openly apologize, and I find it one of his great charms that the shy spirit of his humor is in other things so entirely, yet so politely elusive. I have called his manner grave and his fashion quaint, and I have been fumbling over several other well-worn adjectives in my mind without being able to decide which to use upon him. In my despair I have about decided to speak of that quality in him which I should like to characterize as a Middle State quality in distinction from the New England quality and the Western quality in other humorists. This seems to me Mr. Stockton's contribution to our national humor, but I am not going to fall into another slough of despond by trying to define it. It does not exist for him who does not feel it; and it is at best something impalpable even to the delighted consciousness. Yet I think that a future accountant in balancing the merits of our literary day may be inclined to estimate this New Jerseyan flavor of Mr. Stockton's work as of peculiar preciousness. It is like the flavor of honey in which we taste the delicate difference of the New Jersey flowers from that of the Massachusetts or California flowers; and it remains characteristic after those processes of clarification which Mr. Stockton is apt to practise. He does not give it us in the comb, but filters it through the fine mesh of his fancy. I myself like a little beeswax in honey; and though I taste his native summers in Mr. Stockton's purified product, I wish he might let us have it some time just as it came from the hive; that is, I wish he might write us a New Jersey story straight from the New Jersey life. But I dare say then I might not like it so well. I certainly should not if there were at all less of Stockton in it than there is now; and perhaps all I mean is that I wish there were two of him, so that one could experiment in what I now ask while the other kept on at what Mr. Stockton is now doing. I am not sure that it could be managed, and I will not press the point.

III.

What I am sure of is that of his kind he is the first and only. I have been reading him now a good many years, with an increasing pleasure which his constant public seems to share, and I am more and more certain that our literature has not known a more original or originative spirit. Everything that he has done reveals his authorship. I doubt if any other author of our time stamps his personality so distinctly upon his work. You could not mistake it for the work of anybody else, and you cannot trace it in form or manner to the influence of any other author. This has been so from the first; from the very beginning he has been Stocktonian, and Stocktonian only If we count up his inventions they are many, but their number is far less admirable than their ingenuity, in which there is no suggestion of effort. His aeroplanes take their flight from the solid earth, from a firm basis of reasonable fact, and then sweep through space with all the apparent ease of the bird that sails on sleeping wings. You rest safe in their impossibility, and are as delightedly content in their power to bring you to the earth again as if you had never left it. Who ever questioned, after the first moment, the theory of Negative Gravity? Who doubts the essential truth of the facts concerning The Wreck of the Thomas Hike? You admit the premises, and the rest inevitably follows, as you desire it should.

For my part I like his being able to keep it up so long, with no sign of flagging. In the twenty years that he has been a popular favorite (perilous advantage!) he has so gradually and so silently given us his range that we cannot yet be sure that we know it fully; at best we know that it is wide. He has never shown his hand, and there is no telling what tricks there are in it. The most surprising thing would be that he had no longer any surprises for us. But I do not believe this of him, and neither apparently does the public. Your popular favorite is so apt, sooner or later, to make himself offensive; to become bumptious, or conscious, or arrogant. But this author has never done so; and people who once liked him have kept on liking him with an increasing trust in his power to continue what he has always been: sweet, gentle, refined, charming, of most unfailing invention and of a perennial humor. I do not say he has never disappointed me; it almost breaks my heart, even now, to think how much he disappointed me in The Late Mrs. Null; but he never disappoints me twice in succession; and in this latest book of his there is not one disappointment. Life cannot be without an object as long as there is the hope of something more from him.

W. D. HOWELLS.

JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LUCINA and her mother were away some three months; it was late spring when they returned. It had been told in Upham that Lucina was quite well, but when people saw her they differed as to her appearance.

"She looks dreadful delicate now, accordin' to my way of thinkin'," some of the women, spying sharply upon her from their sitting-room windows and their meeting-house pews, reported.

Jerome saw her for the first time after her return when she followed her father and mother up the aisle one Sunday in May, when all the orchards were white. He thought, with a great throb of joy, that she looked quite well—that she must be well. If the red and white of her cheeks was a little too clear, he did not appreciate it. She was all in white, like the trees, with some white blossoms and plumes on her hat.

After meeting he lingered a little on the porch, though Elmira was walking on with frequent pauses, turning her head and looking for him. However, when Lucina appeared he did not get the kindly glance for which he had hoped. She was talking so busily with Mrs. Doctor Prescott that she did not seem to see him, but the color on her cheeks was deeper. Jerome joined his sister hastily, and went home quite contented, thinking Lucina was very well.

However, in a few weeks' time he began to hear whispers to the contrary. Sometimes Lucina did not go to meeting; still, she was seen out frequently riding and walking; when Jerome caught a glimpse of her, he strove to shut away the knowledge that she did not look well from his own consciousness. But when Lucina had been at home six weeks, she took a sudden turn for the better, which could have been dated accurately from a certain morning when she met Colonel Jack Lamson—she being out riding and he walking. He kept pace with the slow amble of her little white horse for some distance, sometimes grasping the bridle and stopping in a shady place to talk more at ease.

When Lucina got home that noon her mother noticed a change in her. "You look better than you have done for weeks," said she.

"I enjoyed my ride," Lucina said, with a smile and a blush which her mother could not fathom. The girl ate a dinner which gladdened her father's heart; afterward she went up to her chamber, and presently came down with her hat on and her silk work-bag on her arm.

"I am going to take one of my chair covers over to Aunt Camilla's," said she.

"Well, walk slowly," said her mother, trying to conceal her delight, lest it betray her past anxiety. Lucina had not touched her embroidery for weeks, nor stepped out of doors of her own accord.

When she was gone her father and mother looked at each other. "She's better," Eben said, with a catch in his voice.

"I haven't seen her so bright for weeks," replied Abigail. She had a puzzled look in spite of her satisfaction. That night she ascertained, through wariest soundings, that Lucina had not met Jerome when riding in the morning. She had suspected something, though she scarcely knew what. Lucina's secrecy lately had deceived even her mother. She had begun to think that the girl had not been as much in earnest in her love-affair as she had thought, and was drooping from some other cause.

When Lucina revealed with innocent readiness that she had met Colonel Lamson that morning and talked with him, and with no one else, Abigail could make nothing of it. However, Lucina from that day on improved. She took up her little tasks; she seemed quite as formerly, only possibly a little older and more staid.

The Squire thought that her recovery was due to a certain bitter medicine which Doctor Prescott had given her, and often extolled it to his wife. "It is singular that medicine should work like a flash of lightning after she had been taking it for weeks with no effect," thought Abigail, but she said nothing.

One afternoon, not long after her talk with Colonel Lamson, Lucina met Jerome face to face in the road, and stopped and held out her hand to him. "How do you do?" she said, paling and blushing, and yet with a sweet confidence which was new in her manner.

Jerome bowed low, but did not offer his hand. She held out hers persistently.

"I can't shake hands," he said; "mine is stained with leather; it smells of it too."

"I am not afraid of leather," Lucina returned, gently.

"I am," Jerome said, with a defiance in which there was no bitterness. Then, as Lucina still looked at him and held out her hand, with an indescribable air of pretty childish insistence and womanly pleading, her blue eyes being sober almost to tears, he motioned her to wait a moment, and swung over the fence and down the road-side, which was just there precipitous to the brook-bed. He got down on his knees, plunged his hands into the water, like a golden net-work in the afternoon light, washed them well, and returned to Lucina. She laid her little hand in his, but she shook her head, smiling.

"I liked it better the other way," said she.

"I couldn't touch your hand with mine like that."

"You would give me more if you let me give you something sometimes," said Lucina, with a pretty sphinxlike look at him as she drew her hand away.

Jerome wondered what she had meant after they had separated. Acute as he was, and of more masterly mind than she, he was at a loss, for she had touched that fixed idea which sways us all to greater or less degree, and some to delusion. Jerome could not even grasp a problem which involved taking, with his one principle of giving.

He puzzled much over it, then decided—not with that lenient slighting as in other cases when womankind had vexed him with blind words, but with a fond reverence as for some angelic mystery—that it was because Lucina was a girl. "Maybe girls are given to talking in that riddlesome kind of way," thought Jerome.

He was blissfully certain upon one point, at all events. Lucina's whole manner had given evidence to a confidence and understanding upon her part.

"She knows what I am doing," he told himself. "She knows how I am working, and she is contented and willing to wait. She knows, but she isn't bound." Jerome had not dreamed that Lucina's indisposition had had aught to do with distress of mind upon his account.

Now he fell upon work as if it had been a veritable dragon of old, which he must slay to rescue his princess. He toiled from earliest dawn until far dark, and not with his hands only. Still, he did not neglect his gratuitous nursing and doctoring. He saved like a miser, though not at his mother's and sister's expense. He himself would taste, in those days, no butter, no sugar, no fresh meat, no bread of fine flour, but he saw to it that his mother and Elmira were well provided.

When the winter came again, he used to hasten secretly along the road, not wishing to meet Lucina, for a new reason—lest she discover how thin his coat was against the wintry blast, how thin his shoes against the snow.

"I never thought Jerome was so close," Elmira sometimes said to her mother.

"He ain't close; he's got an object," returned Ann, with a shrewd, mysterious look.

"What do you mean, mother?"

"Nothin'."

Elmira's and Lawrence's courtship progressed in the same fashion. If Doctor Prescott suspected anything he made no sign. Lawrence was attending patients regularly with his father, and reading hard. Sometimes, during his occasional calls upon Elmira, he saw Jerome. The two young men, when they met on the road, exchanged covertly cordial courtesies; a sort of non-committal friendship was struck up between them. Lawrence was the means of introducing Jerome to a new industry, of which he might otherwise never have heard.

"Father and I were on the old Dale road this morning," he said, "and there is a fine cranberry-meadow there on the left, if anybody wants to improve it. There's plenty of chance for drainage from that little stream that runs into Graystone, and it's sheltered from the frost. Old Jonathan Hawkins owns it. We went there—his wife is sick—and he said he used to sell berries off it, but it had run down. He said he'd be glad to let somebody work it on shares, just allowing him for the use of the land. He's too old to bother with it himself, and he is pretty well straitened for money. There's money in it, I guess."

Jerome listened, and the next day went over to Jonathan Hawkins's place on the old Dale road and made his bargain. Some of his work on the cranberry-meadow was done before light, his lantern moving about the misty expanse like a marsh-candle. When the berries were ripe he employed children to pick them, John Upham's among the rest. He cleared quite a sum by this venture, and added it to his store. In two years' time he had saved enough money for his mill, and early in the fall had the lumber all ready. He had engaged one carpenter from Dale; he thought that he could build the mill himself with his help, and that of some extra hands for raising.

On the evening before the day on which he expected to begin work he went to see Adoniram Judd. The Judds lived off the main road, in a field connected with it by a cart path. Their house, after the commonest village pattern—a long cottage with two windows on either side of the front door—stood closely backed up against a wood of pines and larches. The wind was cold, and the sound of it in the evergreens was like a far-off halloo of winter. The house had a shadowy effect in waning moonlight; the walls were mostly gray, being only streaked high on the sheltered sides with old white paint.

Since Paulina Maria could not afford to have a coat of new paint on her house, she had a bitter ambition, from motives of tidiness and pride, to at least remove all traces of the old. She felt that the chief sting of present deprivation lay in the evidence of its contrast with former plenty. She hated the image in her memory of her cottage glistening with the white gloss of paint, and would have weakened it if she could. Paulina Maria, accordingly, standing on a kitchen chair, had scrubbed with soap and sand the old paint streaks as high as her long arms would reach, and had at times, when his rheumatism would permit, set her tall husband to the task. The paint, which was difficult to remove by any but its natural effacers, the long courses of nature, was one of those minor material antagonisms of life which keep the spirit whetted for harder ones.

Paulina Maria Judd had many such. When the pricks of fate were too firm set against her struggling feet, she saved herself from the despair of utter futility by taking soap and water and sand and going forth to attack the paint on her house walls, and also the front door-stone, worn in frequent hollows for the collection of dirt and dust.

This evening when Jerome drew near he saw a long rise of back over the door-step and a swiftly plying shoulder and arm. Paulina Maria looked up without ceasing when Jerome stood beside her.

"You're working late," he said, with an attempt at pleasantry.

"I have to do my cleanin' late or not at all," replied Paulina Maria, in her cold, calm voice. She rubbed more soap on her cloth.

"Uncle Adoniram at home?" Jerome had always called Adoniram uncle, though he was his father's cousin.

"Yes."

"I want to see him a minute about something."

"You'll have to go round to the back door. I can't have more dirt tracked into this while it's wet."

Jerome went around the house to the back door. As he passed the lighted sitting-room windows he saw a monstrous shadow, with steadily moving hands, on the curtain. He fumbled his way through to the lighted room, in which sat Adoniram Judd closing shoes, and his son Henry knitting. When the door opened, Henry, whose shadow Jerome had seen on the window-curtain, looked up with the vacant peering of the blind, but his fingers never ceased twirling the knitting-needles.

"How are you?" said Jerome.

Adoniram returned his salutation without rising, and bade him take a chair. Henry spoke not at all, and bent his dim eyes again over his knitting without a smile. Henry Judd had the lank height of his father and his blunt elongation of face and features, informed by his mother's spirit. The result in his expression was an absolute ferocity instead of severity of gloom, a fury of resentment against fate instead of that bitter leaning toward it which is the acme of defiance.

Henry Judd bent his heavy pale brows over the miserable feminine work to which he was forced. His long hands were white as a girl's, and revealed their articulation as they moved; his face, transparently pale, showed a soft furze of young beard on cheek and chin.

"How are you, Henry?" asked Jerome.

Henry made no reply, only scowled more gloomily. Paulina Maria's ardent severity of Christianity had produced in her son under his first stress of life a fierce rebound. To no word of Scripture would Henry Judd resort for comfort; he never bent knee in prayer, and would not be led, even by his mother's authority, to meeting on Sunday. The voice of his former mates, who had with him no sympathy of like affliction, filled him with a sullen rage of injury. He was somewhat younger than Jerome, but had seemed formerly much attracted to him. Now he had not spoken to him for a year.

Jerome, when he entered, had looked happy and eager, as if he was burdened with some pleasant news. Now his expression changed. He looked at Adoniram, then at Henry, then at Adoniram again, and motioned an inquiry with his lips. Adoniram shook his head sadly.

Paulina Maria came in through the kitchen, where she had left her scrubbing-utensils, got an unfinished shoe, and sat down to her binding. She did not notice Jerome again, and he sat frowning moodily at the floor.

"It is a cold night for the season," remarked Adoniram at length, with an uneasy attempt at entertainment, to which Jerome did not respond with much alacrity. He acted at first as if he did not hear, then collected himself, said that it was cold and there might be a frost if the wind went down, and rose.

"You ain't goin' so soon?" asked Adoniram, with slow surprise.

"I only ran over a minute; I've got some work to do," muttered Jerome, and went out.

He went along the ridgy cart path across the field to the road; but when he reached it he stopped short. He stood for ten minutes or more motionless, thinking so intently that it was as if his body stood aside from his swift thought; then he returned to the Judd house.

He went round to the back door; but when he reached it he stopped again. After a little he crept noiselessly back to the cart path, and so to the road again.

But it was as if, when he reached the road, he met some unseen and mighty arm of denial which barred it. He stopped there for the second time. Then he went back again to the Judd house, and that time when he reached the door he opened it and went in.

When he entered the sitting-room where Adoniram and Paulina Maria and Henry were, they all looked up in astonishment.

"Forgot anything?" inquired Adoniram.

"Yes," replied Jerome. Then he went on, speaking fast in a strained voice, which he tried hard to make casual: "There was something I wanted to say. I've been thinking about Henry's eyes. If—you want to take him to Boston, to that doctor, I've got the money. I've got five hundred dollars you're welcome to. He looked straight at Paulina Maria as he spoke, and she dropped her work and looked at him.

Adoniram made a faint gasping noise, then sat staring at them both. Henry started, but knitted on as remorseless as his own fate.

"How did you come by so much money?" asked Paulina Maria, in her pure, severe voice.

"I saved it from my earnings."

"What for?"

"You'll be welcome to take it and use it for Henry."

"That ain't answering my question."

Jerome was silent.

"You needn't answer if you don't want to," said Paulina Maria, "for I know. You've kept it dark from everybody but Lawyer Means and your mother and Elmira; but your mother told me a year ago. I haven't told a soul. You've been saving up this money to build a mill with, and—I've been over to your mother's this afternoon—you are going to start it to-morrow."

"I am not obliged to start it to-morrow," he replied.

"You're obliged to for all me. Do you think I'll take that money?"

Jerome turned to Henry. "Henry, it's for you and not your mother," said he; "will you take it?"

Henry, still knitting, shook his head.

"I tell you, there is no hurry about the mill. I can wait and earn more. I give it to you freely."

"We shouldn't take it, unless I give you a note of hand, Jerome," Adoniram interposed, in a quavering voice.

Paulina Maria looked at her husband. "What is your note of hand worth?" she asked, sternly.

"Won't you take it, Henry? I've always thought a good deal of you, and I don't want you to be blind," Jerome said.

Henry shook his head, and there was an awful inexorableness with himself in his knitting.

"There are things worse than blindness," said Paulina Maria. "Nobody shall sacrifice himself for my son. If our own prayers and sacrifices are not sufficient, it is the will of the Lord that he should suffer, and he will suffer."

"Take it, Henry," pleaded Jerome, utterly disregarding her.

"Would you take it in my son's place?" demanded Paulina Maria, suddenly. She looked fixedly at Jerome. "Answer me," said she.

"That has nothing to do with it," Jerome cried, angri-

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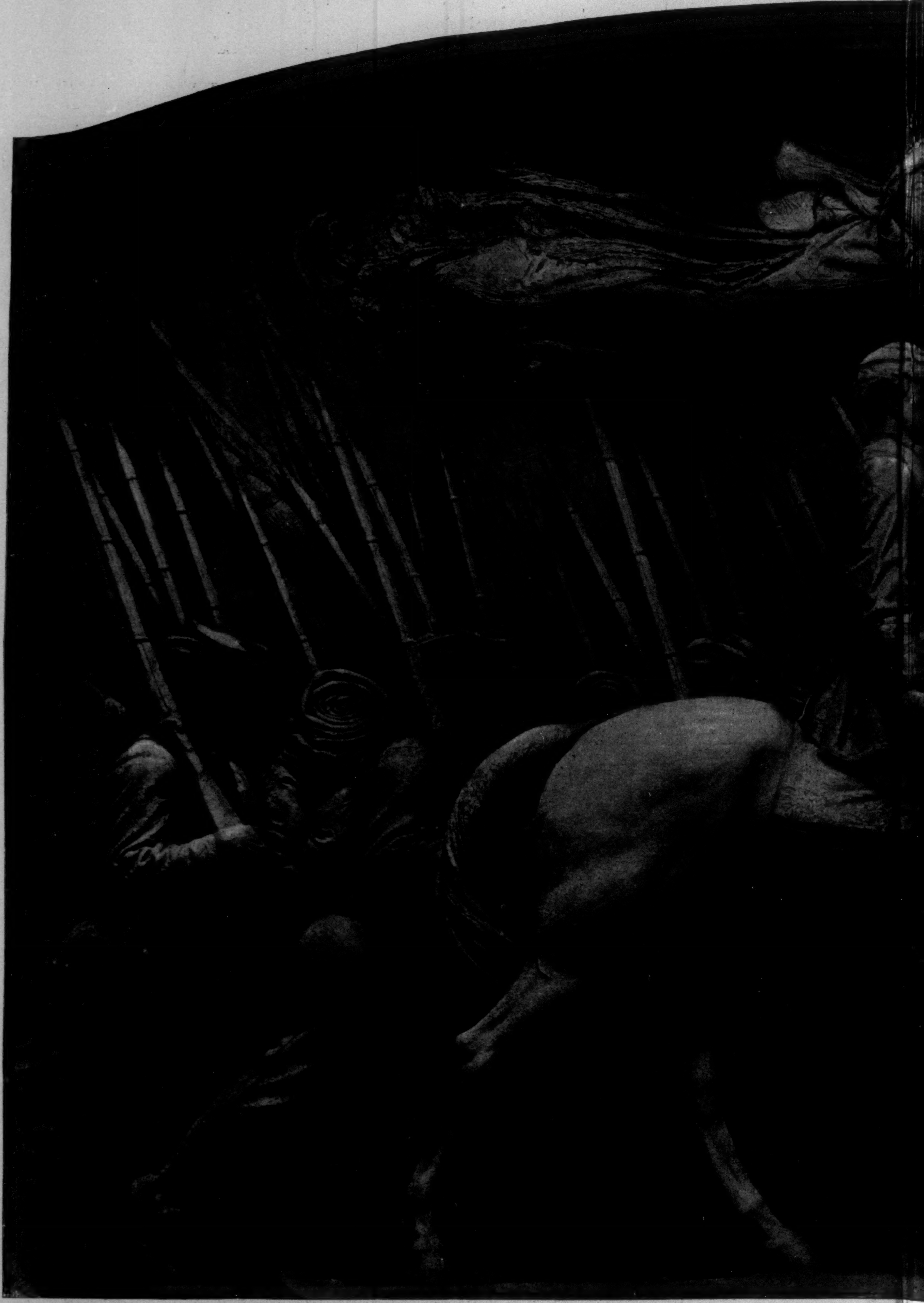
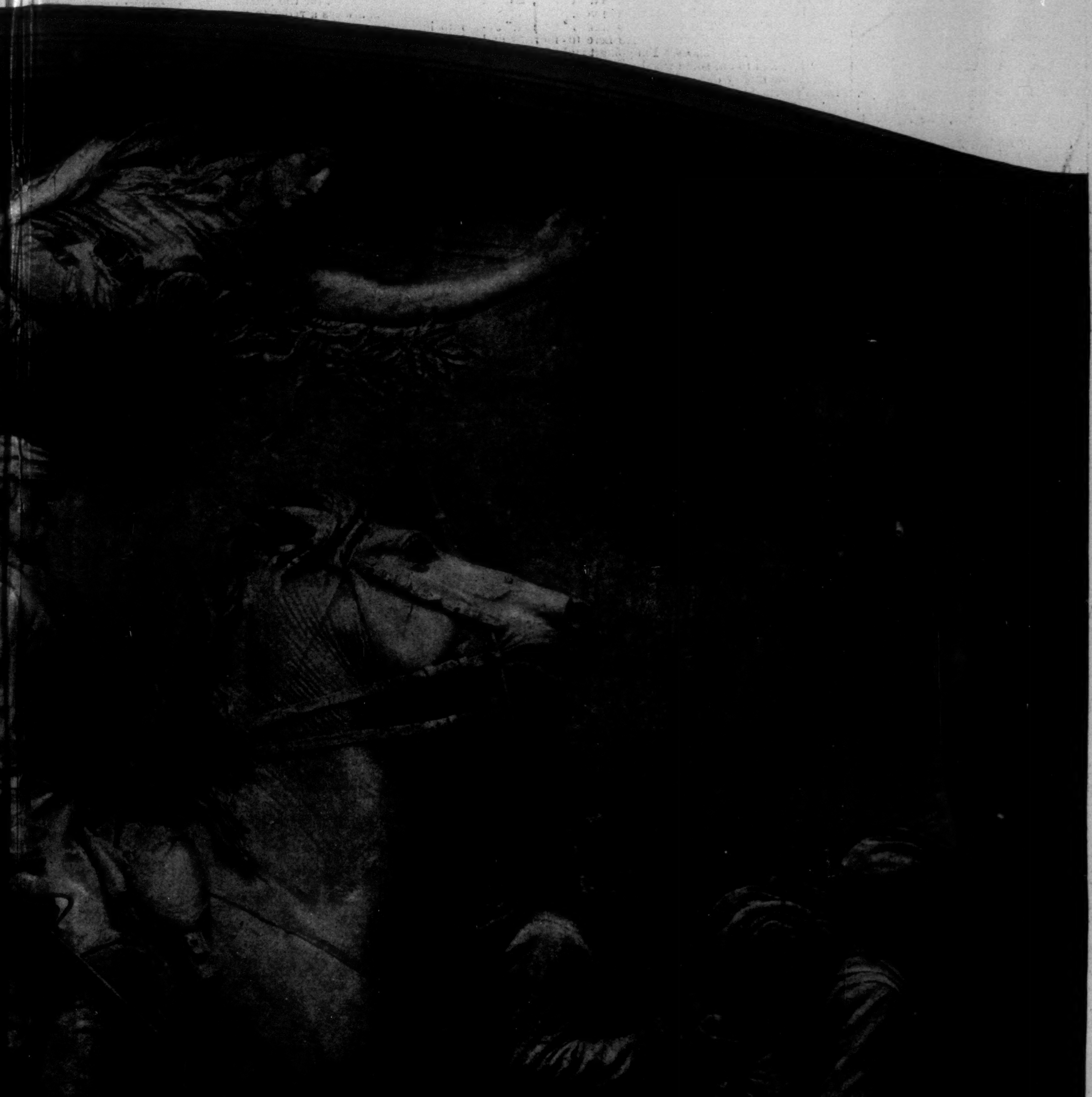
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.



MEMORIAL TO COLONEL ROBERT GOULD SHAW AND THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE FIFTY-FOU
AUGUSTUS ST.-GAUDENS, SCULPT



FOURTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT, TO BE UNVEILED ON THE BOSTON COMMON, MAY 31.
CULPTOR.—[SEE PAGE 546.]

ly. "He is going blind, and this money will cure him. If you are his mother—"

"Don't ask anybody to take even a kindness that you wouldn't take yourself," said Paulina Maria.

Jerome flung out of the room without another word. When he got out-of-doors, he found Adoniram at his elbow.

"I want ye to know that I'm much obliged to ye, J'rome," he whispered. He felt for Jerome's hand and shook it. "Thank ye, thank ye, J'rome," he repeated, brokenly.

"I don't want any thanks," replied Jerome. "Can't you take the money and make Henry go with you to Boston and see the doctor, if she won't?"

"It's no use goin' agin her, J'rome."

"I believe she's crazy."

"No, she ain't, J'rome; no, she ain't. She knows how you've saved up that money, an' she won't take it. She's made so she can't take nobody else's sufferin' to ease hers, an' so's Henry—he's like his mother."

"Can't you make her take it, Uncle Adoniram?"

"She can't make herself take it; but I'm jest as much obliged to ye, J'rome."

Adoniram was about to re-enter the house. "She'll wonder where I be," he muttered, but Jerome stopped him. "If I do begin work on the mill to-morrow," said he, "I sha'n't be able to fetch and carry to Dale, nor to do as much work in Uncle Ozias's shop. Do you suppose you can help out some?"

"I can, if I'm as well as I be now, J'rome."

"Of course you can earn more than you do now," said Jerome. That was really the errand upon which he had come to the Judds' that evening. He had been quite elated with the thought of the pleasure it would give them when the possibility of larger service—Henry's cure by means of his cherished hoard had suddenly come to him.

He arranged with Adoniram Judd that he should go to the shop the next morning, then bade him good-night, and turned his own steps thither.

When he came in sight of Ozias Lamb's shop, its window was throwing a long beam of light across the field creeping with dry grass before the frosty wind. When Jerome opened the door he started to see Ozias seated upon his bench, his head bowed over and hidden upon his idle hands. Jerome closed the door, then stood a moment irresolute, staring at his uncle's dejected figure. "What's the matter, Uncle Ozias?" he asked.

Ozias did not speak, but made a curious repellent motion with his bowed shoulders.

"Are you sick?"

Again Ozias seemed to shunt him out of the place with that speaking motion of his shoulder.

Jerome went close to him. "Uncle Ozias, I want to know what is the matter," he said, then started, for suddenly Ozias raised his face and looked at him, his eyes wild under his shaggy grizzle of hair, his mouth twisted in a fierce laugh.

"Want to know, do ye?" he cried—"want to know? Well, I'll tell ye. Look at me hard. I'm a sight. Look at me. Here's a man, 'most threescore years and ten, who's been willin' to work, an' has worked, an' 'ain't been considered underwitted, who's been strugglin' to keep a roof over his head an' his wife's, an' bread in their two mouths, jest that, no more. He 'ain't had any children, nobody but himself an' his wife, an' she contented with next to nothin'. Jest a roof an' bread for them, jest that, an' he an able-bodied man that's worked like a dog, jest that, an' he's got to give it up. Look at him. He's a sight for wise men an' fools." Ozias laughed.

"What on earth do you mean, Uncle Ozias?"

"Simon Bassett is goin' to foreclose to-morrow."

Jerome stared at his uncle incredulously. "Why, I thought you had earned plenty to keep the interest up of late years," he said.

"There was more than present interest to pay; there was back interest, an' I've been behind on taxes, an' there was an old doctor bill when I had the fever, an' that wa'n't all; I never told ye, nor anybody. I was fool enough to sign a note for George Henry Green in Westbrook some years ago. He came to me with tears in his eyes, said he wouldn't care so much if it wa'n't for his wife an' children; he'd got to raise the money, an' couldn't get nobody to sign his note. I lost every dollar of it. It's been all I could do to pay up, an' I couldn't keep even with the interest; I knew it was comin'."

"How much interest do you owe?" asked Jerome, in an odd voice. He was very pale.

"Two hundred an' seventy dollars—it's twelve per cent."

"And you can't raise it."

"Might as well try to raise the dead."

"Well, I can let you have it," said Jerome.

"You?"

"Yes."

His uncle looked at him with his sharp, strained eyes, then he made a hoarse noise between a sob and a cough. "Take that money you've been savin' to build your mill? We'll take to the woods first!" he cried.

"I've saved a good deal more than two hundred and seventy dollars."

"You want every dollar of it for your mill. Don't talk to me."

"I'd want every dollar if I was going to build it, but I am not," said Jerome.

"What d'ye mean? Ain't ye goin' to start it to-morrow?"

"No, I've decided not to."

"Why not, I'd like to know?"

"I'm going to wait until the Dale railroad seems a little nearer. I shouldn't have much business for the mill now, if I built it, and there's no use in its standing rotting. I'm going to wait a little."

Poor Ozias Lamb looked at him with his keen old eyes, which were perhaps dulled a little by the selfishness of his sore distress. "D'ye mean what ye say, J'rome?" he asked, wistfully, in a tone that was new to him.

"Yes, I do; you can have the money as well as not."

"I'll give ye my note, an' you can have this piece of land an' the shop—this ain't mortgaged—as security, an' I'll pay ye—fair per cent.," Ozias said, hesitatingly.

"All right," returned Jerome.

"An'—" Ozias faltered, "I'll work my fingers to the bone; I'll steal—but you shall have your money back before you are ready to begin the mill."

"That may be quite a while," Jerome said, laughing as openly as a child. His uncle suspected nothing, though once he could scarcely have been deceived.

"I've been round to Uncle Adoniram's to-night," Jerome added, "to get him to come here to-morrow and help with that lot of shoes. I'm going to take up with an offer I've had to cut some wood on shares. I think I can make some money out of it, and it'll be a change from so much shoemaking for a while."

"You never was the build for a shoemaker," said his uncle.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JEROME gave his mother the same reason which he had given Ozias for the postponement of the mill.

"It seems to me it's dreadful queer you didn't find out it wa'n't best till the day before you were goin' to start work on it," said she, but she suspected nothing.

As for Elmira, she manifested little interest in that or anything else. She was not well that autumn. Elmira's morbidly sensitive temperament was working her harm under the trial of circumstances. Extreme love, sensitiveness, and self-depreciation in some natures produce jealousy as unfailingly as a chemical combination its given result. Elmira, though constantly spurring herself into trust in her lover, was again jealous of him and Lucina Merritt.

Lawrence had been seen riding and walking with Lucina. He had called at the Squire's on several evenings when Elmira had hoped that he might visit her. She was too proud to mention the matter to Lawrence, but she began to be galled into active resentment by her clandestine betrothal. Why should not everybody know that she had a beau like other girls, that Lawrence was hers, not Lucina Merritt's? Elmira wished recklessly and defiantly that people could find out every time that Lawrence came to see her. Whenever she heard a hint to the effect that he was attentive to her, she gave it significance by her bearing. Possibly in that way she herself precipitated matters.

She had not been feeling well for some time, having every afternoon a fever ache in her limbs and back, and a feeling of weariness which almost prostrated her, when one evening Lawrence came, and an hour afterward his father.

Elmira never forgot as long as she lived Doctor Prescott's handsome, coldly wrathful, old face as he stood in the parlor door looking at her and Lawrence. He had come straight in without knocking. Mrs. Edwards had gone to bed; Jerome was not at home.

Lawrence had been sitting on the sofa with Elmira, his arm around her waist. He arose with her, still clasping her, and confronted his father. "Well, father," he said, with an essay at his gay laugh, though he blushed hotly, and then was pale. As for Elmira, she would have slipped to the floor had it not been for her lover's arm.

Doctor Prescott stood looking at them.

"Father, this is the girl I am going to marry," Lawrence said, finally, with a proudly defiant air.

"Very well," replied the doctor; "but when you marry her it will be without one penny from me, in realization or anticipation. You will have only what your wife brings you."

"I can support my wife myself," returned Lawrence, with a look which was the echo of his father's own.

"So you can before long at the expense of your father's practice, which he himself has given you the ability to undermine," said the doctor, in his cold voice. "I bid you both good-evening. You, my son, can come home within a half-hour, or you will find the doors locked." With that the doctor went out; there was a creak of cramping wheels, then a lantern-flash in the window, and a roll and clatter past.

Then Elmira showed more decision of spirit than her lover had dreamed was in her. She drove him away in spite of his protestations. "All is over between us if you don't go at once, at once," said she, with a strange hysterical force which intimidated him.

"Elmira, you know I will be true to you, dear. You know I will marry you in spite of father and the whole world," vowed Lawrence, but he went at her insistence, not knowing, indeed, what else to do.

The next day Elmira wrote him a letter setting him free. When she had sent the letter she sat working some hours longer; then she went up stairs and to bed. That night she was in a high fever.

Lawrence came, but she did not know it. He had a long talk with Jerome, and almost a quarrel. The poor young fellow, in his wrath and shame of thwarted manliness, would fain have gone to that excess of honor which defeats its own ends. He insisted upon marrying Elmira out of hand. "I'll never give her up, never, I'll tell you that. I've told father so to his face," cried Lawrence. When he went up stairs with Jerome, and found Elmira in the uneasy stupor of fever, he seemed half beside himself.

"I'm to blame. Father's to blame. Oh, poor girl—poor girl!" he groaned out when he and Jerome were downstairs again.

That night Lawrence had a stormy scene with his father. He burst in upon him in his study and upbraided him to his face.

"You've almost killed her. She's got a fever. If she lives through it I am going to marry her," he shouted.

The doctor was pounding some drugs in his mortar. He brought the pestle down with a dull thud as he replied, without looking at his son: "You will marry her or not, as you choose, my son. I have not forbidden you. I have simply stated the conditions so far as I am concerned."

The next morning before light Lawrence was over to see Elmira. After breakfast his mother came and remained the greater part of the day. Elmira grew worse rapidly. Since Doctor Prescott was out of the question, under the circumstances a physician from Westbrook was summoned. Elmira was ill several weeks; Lawrence haunted the house; his mother and Paulina Maria did much of the nursing, as Mrs. Edwards was unable. Neither Lawrence nor Mrs. Prescott ever fairly knew if Doctor Prescott was aware that she nursed the sick girl. If he was he made no sign. He also said nothing more to Lawrence about his visits.

It was nearly spring before Elmira was quite recovered. Her illness had cost so much that Jerome had not been able to make good the deficit occasioned by his loan to Ozias Lamb, as he would otherwise have been. He postponed his mill again until autumn, and worked harder than ever. That summer he tried the experiment of raising some of the fine herbs, such as summer savory, sweet marjoram, and thyme, for the market. Elmira helped in that. There is always a relief to the soul in bringing it into intimate association with the uniformity of nature. Elmira, bending over the bed of herbs, with the sweet breath of them in her nostrils, gained a certain quiet in her unrest of youth and passion. It was as if she kept step with a mightier movement which tended toward eternity. She had persisted, in spite of his entreaties, in her determination that Lawrence should cease all attention to her. He had gone away, scarcely understanding, almost angry with her; but she was firm, with a firmness which she herself had not known to be within her capacity.

She looked older that summer, and there was a staidness in her manner. She always worked over the herb beds with her back to the road, lest by any chance she should see Lawrence riding by with Lucina.

"I know what you're working so extra hard for," she told Jerome one day, with wistful, keen eyes upon his face.

"I've always worked hard, haven't I?" he said, evasively.

"Yes, you've worked hard, but this is extra hard. J'rome Edwards, you think maybe, if you can earn enough, you can marry her by-and-by."

Jerome colored, but he met his sister's gaze freely. "Well, suppose I do?" said he.

"Oh, J'rome, do you suppose it's any use—do you suppose she will?" Elmira cried out, in a kind of incredulous pity.

"I know she will."

"Did she say so—did she say she would wait? Oh, J'rome!"

"Do you think I would bind her to wait?"

"But she must have owned she liked you. Oh, J'rome, did she?"

"That's between her and me."

"Oh, J'rome! But don't you feel afraid that she may turn to somebody else? Don't you, J'rome?" Elmir questioned him with a feverish eagerness which puzzled him.

"Not with her," he answered.

Elmira felt comforted by his faith in a way which he did not suspect. It strengthened her own. Perhaps, after all, Lawrence would not care for Lucina; perhaps he would work and wait for her, as indeed he had vowed to do. After that Elmira worked over the herb beds wit her face to the road. When Belinda Lamb reported th Lawrence and Lucina had been out riding, and Ann said, with a bitter screw of her nervous little face, "Fish in shallow waters bites easy, especially when there's gold on the hook," she was not much disturbed.

Ann fully abetted her daughter in her resolution to dismiss her suitor after his father's manifestation. "I guess there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught," said she, "and I guess Doctor Seth Prescott 'll find out that if there's them he don't think fit to tie his son's shoestrings, there's them that feels above tyin' 'em."

In September Jerome began work on his mill. He had never been so hopeful in his life. It cost him more self-denial not to go to Lucina and speak out his hope than it had ever done. He queried with himself if he could not go, then shut his heart, opening like a mouth of hunger for happiness, hard against it. "The mill may burn down; they may not buy the logs. I've got to wait," he told himself.

By early spring the mill was in full operation. The railroad through Dale was surveyed, and work was to be commenced on it next fall, and Jerome had the contract for the sleepers. Again he wondered if he should not go to Lucina and tell her, and again he resolved to wait. He had made up his mind that he would not speak until a fixed income was guaranteed by at least a year's test.

"I wish they would put railroads through for us every year," he said to the man whom he had secured to help him. He was an elderly man from Granby, who had owned a mill there which had been sold three years before. He had a tidy sum in bank, and people wondered at his going to work again.

"I 'ain't got so very many years to work," he told Jerome when he sought to hire him, "an' I thought I'd give up for good three years ago, thought I'd take it easy an' have a comfortable old age. I got fifty dollars more'n I expected when I sold out the mill, an' I laid it out for extras for mother an' me; bought her a sofy an' stuffed rockin'-chair, a new set of dishes an' some teaspoons, an' some strainers for the windows again fly-time. 'Now, mother,' says I, 'we'll jest lay down in the daytime, an' rock, an' eat with our new spoons out of our new dishes an' keep the flies out the rest of our lives.'

"But mother she looked real sober. 'What's the matter?' says I.

"'Nothin',' says she, 'only I was thinkin' about your father.'

"'What about him?' says I.

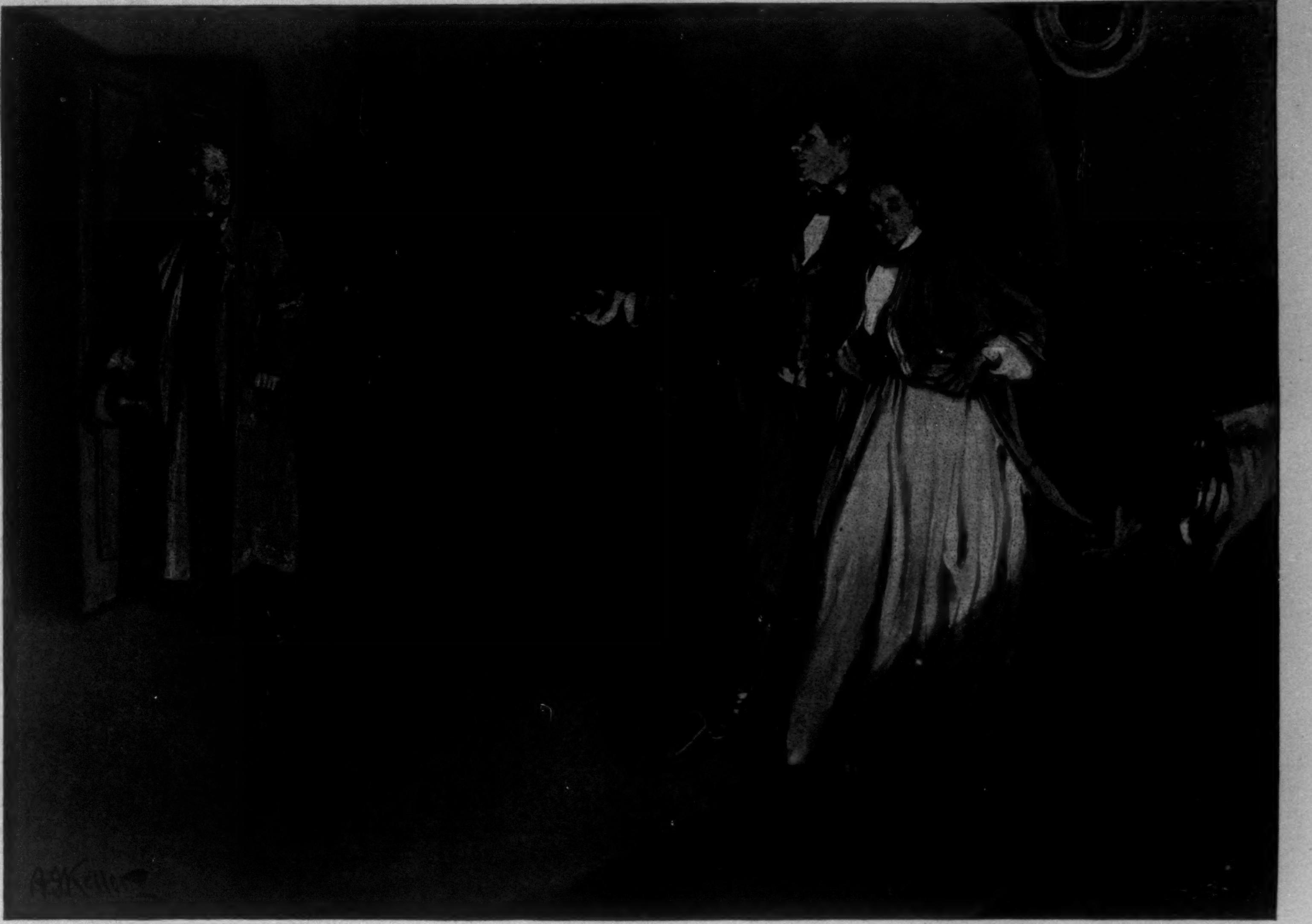
"'Nothin',' says she, 'only I remember mother's sayin when he quit work he wouldn't live long. She always said it was a bad sign.'

"That settled me. I remembered father didn't live six months after he quit work, an' grandfather before him, and I'd every reason to think it run in the family. So says I to mother: 'Well, I'm havin' too good a time livin' to throw it away settin' in rockin'-chairs an' layin' down in the daytime. If work is goin' to keep up the picnic awhile longer, why I'm goin' to work.' So the very next day I hired out to the man that bought m mill, an' there I've worked ever since till now, when he got his son he wants to give the job to. I'll go with ye an' welcome for a spell. Mother ain't afeard to stay alone, an' I'll go home over Sundays. Ye need somebody who knows somethin' about a mill, if ye're green at it yourself."

This man, whose name was Martin Cheeseman, was hoary with age, but far from being past his prime of work. He had a large and shambling strength of body and limb, like an old bear, and his sinews were, of their kind, as tough as those of the ancient woods which he severed.

One afternoon, when the mill had been in operation about two months, Squire Eben Merritt, John Jennings, and Colonel Lamson came through from the thick woods into the clearing. The Squire bore his fishing-rod, and dangled a string of fine trout. John Jennings had a book under his arm.

When they emerged into the clearing, the Colonel sat



"'FATHER, THIS IS THE GIRL I AM GOING TO MARRY,' LAWRENCE SAID, FINALLY, WITH A PROUDLY DEFIANT AIR."

down upon a stump and wiped his red face. The veins in his forehead and neck were swollen purple, and he breathed hard. "It's hotter than seven devils," he gasped.

"Devils are supposed to be acclimated," John Jennings remarked, softly. He stood looking about him. The Squire had gone into the mill, where Jerome was at work.

Martin Cheeseman was outside, shearing from lengths of logs some last straggling twigs before they were taken into the mill for sawing. The old man's hat had lost its brim, and sat back on his head like a crown; some leaves were tangled in his thick gray fleece of hair and beard. His shaggy arms were bare. He wielded his hatchet with energy, grimacing at every stroke.

"He might be the god Pan putting his fallen trees out of their last agonies," said Jennings, dreamily, and yet half laughing, as if at himself for the fancy.

The Colonel only groaned in response. He fanned himself with his hat. Jennings stood backed up against a tree surveying things, his fine worn face full of a languid humor and melancholy.

The place looked like a sylvan slaughter-field. The ground was thick-set with the mangled and hacked stumps of great chestnut-trees, and strewn with their lifeless limbs and trunks as with members of corpses; every stump, as Jennings surveyed it with fanciful gaze, looked, with its spread of supporting roots upon the surface, curiously like a great foot of a woody giant which no murderer could tear loose from its hold in its native soil.

All the clearing was surrounded with thickets of light green foliage, amidst which clouds of white alder unfolded always in the soft wind with new surfaces of sweetness.

However, all the fragrant evidence of the new leaves and blossoms was lost and overpowered here. One perceived only that pungent aroma of death which the chestnut-trees gave out from their fresh wounds and their spilled sap of life. One also could scarcely hear the spring birds for the broad whir of the saw-mill, which seemed to cut the air as well as the logs. Even the gurgling rush of the brook was lost in it, but not the roar of water over the dam.

The Squire came out of the mill, whither he had been to say a good word to Jerome, and stood by Martin Cheeseman. "Lord," he said, "think of the work those trees had to grow, and the fight they made for their lives, and then along comes a man with an axe and breaks in a minute what he can never make nor mend. What d'ye mean by it, eh?"

Martin Cheeseman looked at him with shrewd twinkling eyes. He was waist-deep in the leafy twigs and boughs, as in a nest. "Well," he said, "we're goin' to turn 'em into somethin' of more account than trees, an' that's railroad sleepers; an' that's somethin' the way Natur' herself manages, I reckon. Look at the caterpillar an' the butterfly. Mebbe a railroad sleeper is a butterfly of a tree, lookin' at it one way."

"That's all very well; but how do you suppose the tree feels?" said the Squire, hotly.

"Not bein' a tree, an' never havin' been a tree so's to remember it, I ain't able to say," returned the old man, in a dry voice, "but mebbe, lookin' at it on general principles, it ain't no more painful for a tree to be cut down into a railroad sleeper than it is for a man to be cut down into an angel."

John Jennings laughed.

"You'd make a good lawyer on the defence," said the Squire, good-naturedly; "but by the Lord Harry! if all the trees of the earth were mine, men might live in tents and travel in caravans till doomsday for all I'd cut one down."

The Colonel and Jennings did not go into the mill, but they nodded and sung out good-naturedly to Jerome as they passed. He could not leave his saw. He had an extra man to feed it that day, and had been rushing matters since daybreak; but he looked out at them from his noisy interior, full of the crude light of fresh lumber and sawdust, with a radiant face.

The Squire's friendly notice had pleased his very soul.

"That's a smart boy," panted the Colonel when they had passed.

"Yes, sir; he's the smartest boy in this town," assented the Squire, with a nod of enthusiasm.

Not long after they emerged from the woods into the road they reached Jennings's house, and he left his friends. The Colonel lived some quarter of a mile farther on. He had reached his gate, when he said abruptly to the Squire: "Look here, Eben. You remember a talk we had once about Jerome Edwards and your girl?"

The Squire stared at him. "Yes. Why?"

"Nothing; only seeing him just now set me to wondering if you were still of the same mind about it."

"If being willing that Lucina should have the man she sets her heart on is the same mind, of course I am, but good Lord, Jack, that's all over! He hasn't been to the house for a year, and Lucina never thinks of him!"

Colonel Lamson laughed wheezily. "Well, that's all I wanted to know, Eben."

"What made you ask me that?" asked the Squire.

"Nothing; seeing Jerome and his mill brought it to mind. Well, I'll be along to-night."

"That's all over," the Squire called out again to the Colonel, going slowly up the hill to the house door. However, when he got home he questioned Abigail.

"I haven't heard Lucina mention Jerome Edwards's name for months," said she, "and he never comes here; but she seems perfectly contented and happy. I think that's all over."

"I thought so," said Eben.

Abigail was preparing the punch, for the Squire expected his friends that evening. Jennings came first; some time after Means and Lamson arrived. They had a strange air of grave excitement and elation.

When the game of cards was fairly under way the Colonel played in a manner which confused them all.

"By the Lord Harry, Jack! this is the third time you've thrown away an honor!" the Squire roared out finally. "Is it the punch that's gone to your head?"

"No, Eben," replied the Colonel, in a hoarse voice, with solemn and oratorical cadences, as if he rose to address a meeting. "It is not the punch. I am *used* to punch. It is money. I've just had word that—that old mining stock I bought when I was in the service, and haven't thought worth more than a New England sheep farm, has been sold for sixty-five thousand dollars."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NATIONAL HYMN.

THERE seems to be now no particular reason why the United States of America lacks its national hymn—except that there isn't any. We do not need poets able toward good words. The American composer lately has won general honor in every expression of his art, save grand opera, to an extent that has not meant prejudice in his favor—won it in quarters where not long ago he could neither expect nor deserve to be distinguished. The country is not too big, big as it is, its population is not too mixed, mixed as it is, for a song of patriotism to be taken to the country's whole heart. Vulgar, sentimental, or feebly written music bears witness every day to that. As for a single conclusive national lyric, we have only certain half-way ditties that do duty for the better article. We use one special poem to a tune that is a borrowing from England. To the faults of sundry of these old friends of ours we are kind and blind. They have run to allegory. They have stuck to the vocative case. Hymnic diction has not been their main feature. Their music, too, often defaults in such a desirable element as mere singableness. Even our civil war, which sowed the country with lusty and pathetic lyrics, did not develop a dignified, broadly national, sober hymn for the land. That hardly came with Mrs. Howe's imaginative rhapsody grafted upon "John Brown's Body"; nor in "Marching through Georgia" and its booming Bowery rhythms. The Southern-born "Dixie" is as derisory a substitute as is "Yankee Doodle," both of them borrowed airs. "The Star-spangled Banner" is a flowery patriotic song; not what a hymn should mean. And it is shockingly unvocal so far as concerns the majority of human throats. Its tune also was taken from an English song-book. Perhaps our best national song, semi-secular, semi-religious in text, is "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," in spite of its Hibernian suggestion and a very barrack-room chorus. The invocation "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue" is not textually or musically just of a hymn flavor.

Interest in the national anthem to be, or in the national predicament as to it that is, has deepened lately. It has also become more intelligent. Various *concours* have been held under musical auspices, if under none more authoritative. While nothing has been elicited in these that has reached or taken the popular ear, superior musical talent has been enlisted. The literary element has not been over-vigorous, it must be confessed. But that is the trouble with most national lyrics, especially with "occasional" verse. Perhaps the time has come when our government can safely and satisfactorily take up the subject, through a genuine national competition, with a first-class jury, or rather two first-class juries, one weighing the poem, the other the music, with the submission to the people, finally, of the hymn thought most worthy a popular endorsement in its spirit and the simple technicalities involved. Of course, if the people decline to like and to sing a really good hymn so authoritatively commended to them, it is a pity and a good deal of a blockade to its functions. But if the right sort of a hymn be picked out, as it likely would be under such circumstances, it is also likely its qualities will be endorsed by the country.

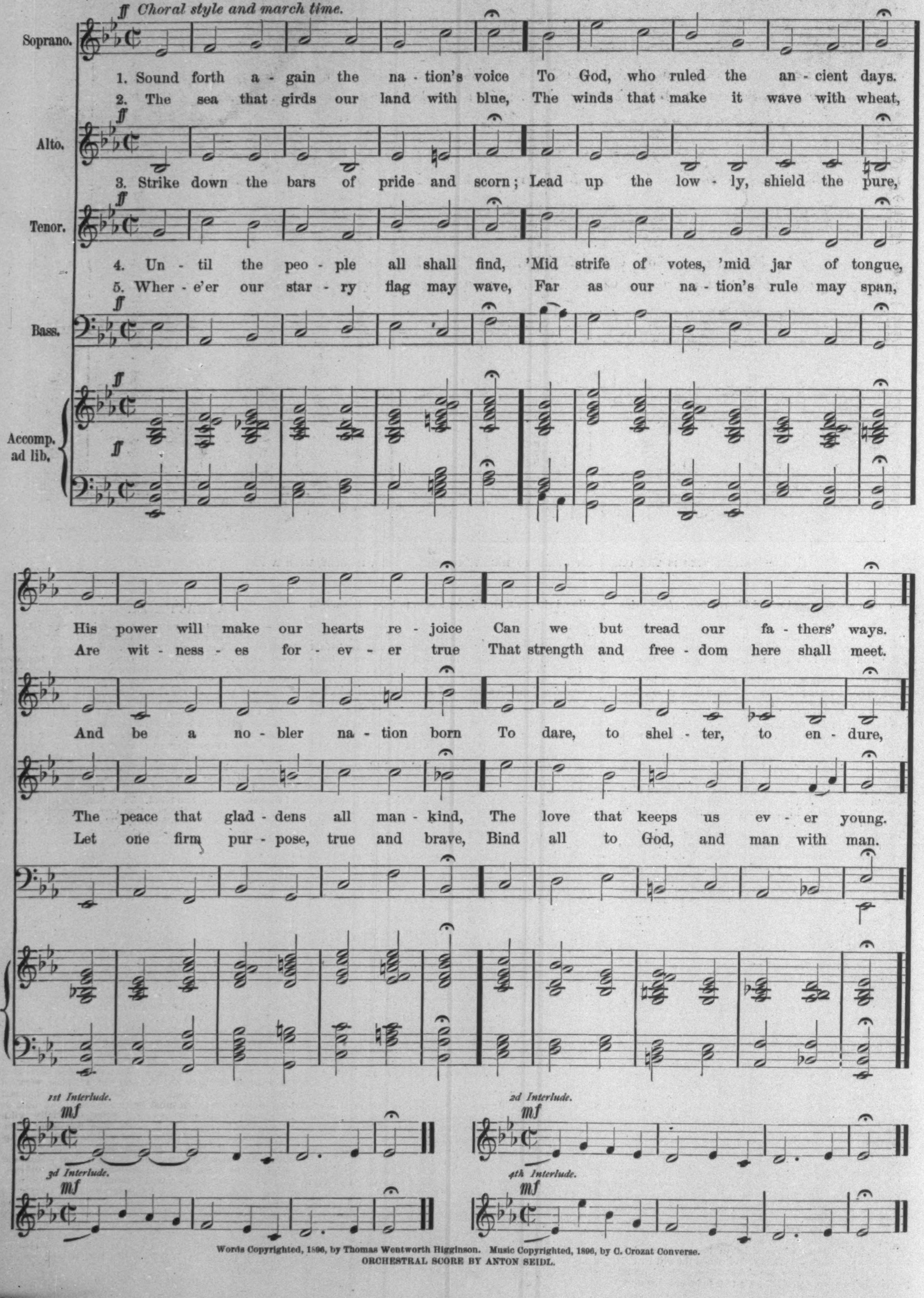
(*Continued on page 546.*)

A New American Hymn.

SOUND FORTH AGAIN THE NATION'S VOICE.

Words by THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Music by C. CROZAT CONVERSE.


ff *Choral style and march time.*
Soprano.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Accomp. ad lib.
ff
1. Sound forth a - gain the na - tion's voice To God, who ruled the an - cient days.
2. The sea that girds our land with blue, The winds that make it wave with wheat,
3. Strike down the bars of pride and scorn; Lead up the low - ly, shield the pure,
4. Un - til the peo - ple all shall find, 'Mid strife of votes, 'mid jar of tongue,
5. Wher - e'er our star - ry flag may wave, Far as our na - tion's rule may span,
His power will make our hearts re - joice Can we but tread our fa - thers' ways.
Are wit - ness - es for - ev - er true That strength and free - dom here shall meet.
And be a no - bler na - tion born To dare, to shel - ter, to en - dure,
The peace that glad - dens all man - kind, The love that keeps us ev - er young.
Let one firm pur - pose, true and brave, Bind all to God, and man with man.
1st Interlude.
2d Interlude.
3d Interlude.
4th Interlude.
mf

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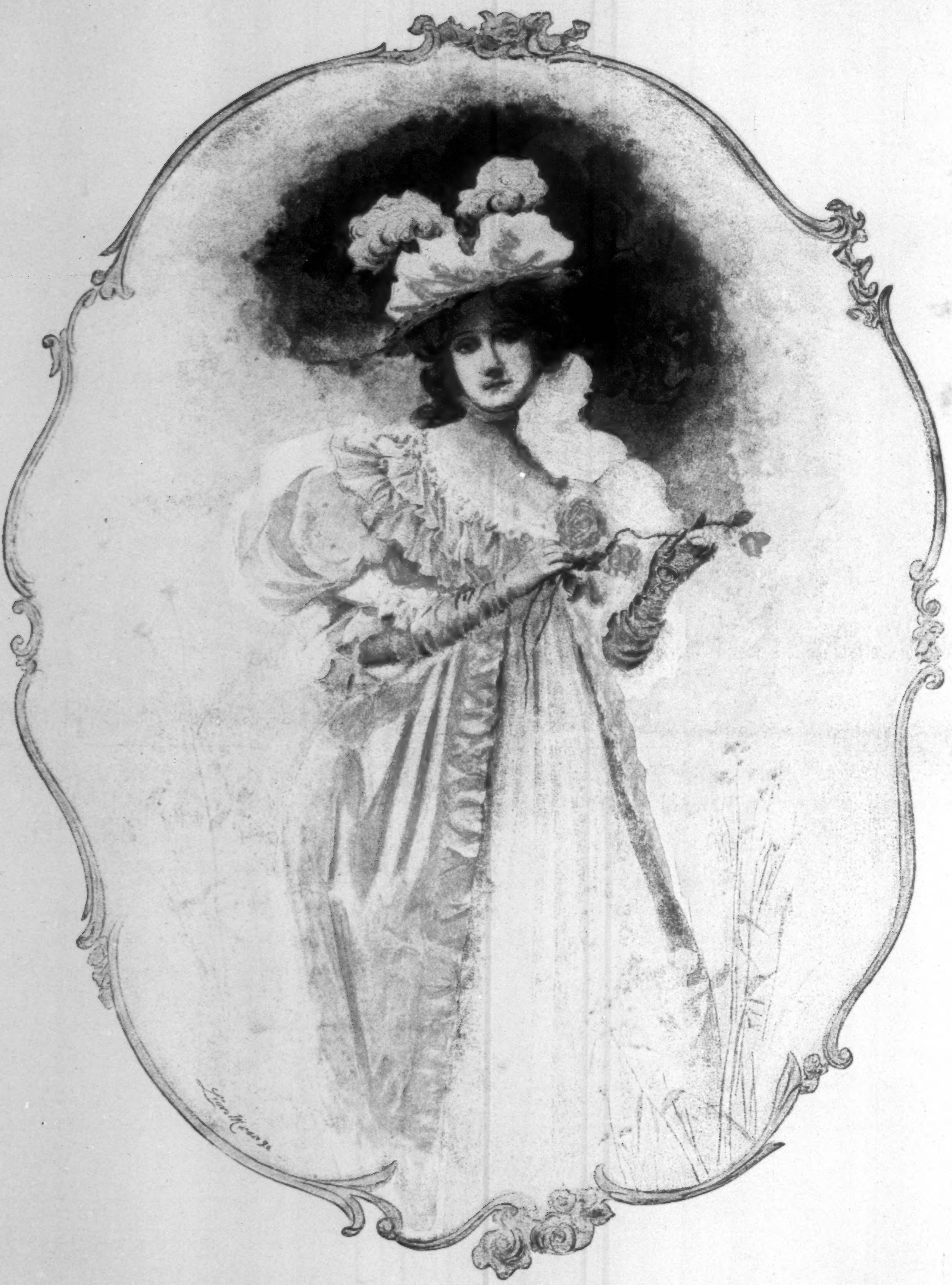
ORCHESTRAL SCORE BY ANTON SEIDL.



Oh Rose-leaf! flushing when the South
Doth woo thee with a warm caress,
Thy dainty hues enchant me less
Than Hebe's rosebud cheek and mouth;

For nothing ever can repair
Thy tender blushes when they fade;
But Hebe, happy little maid!
Hath **Ivory Soap** to keep her fair.

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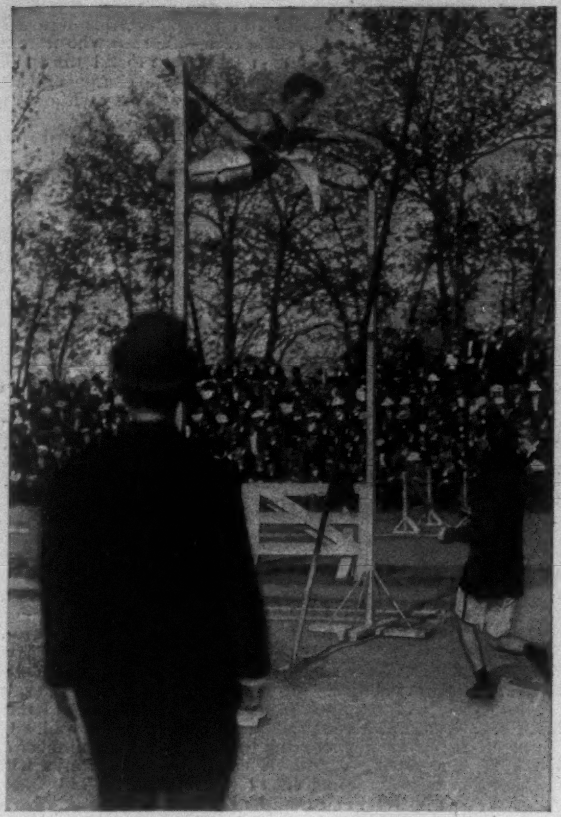
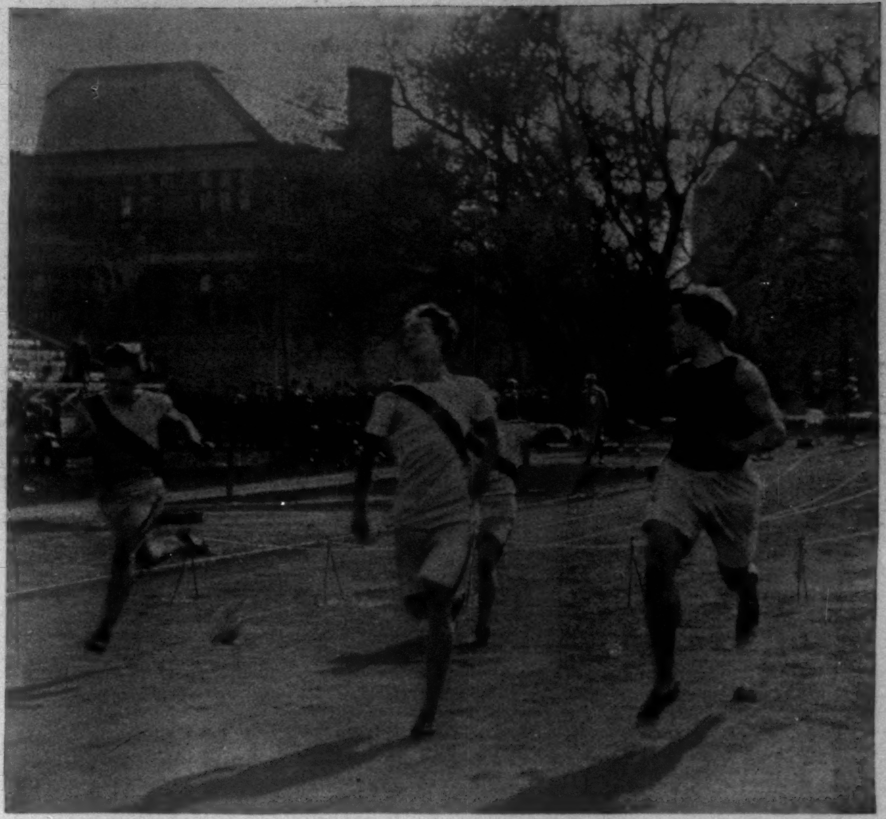
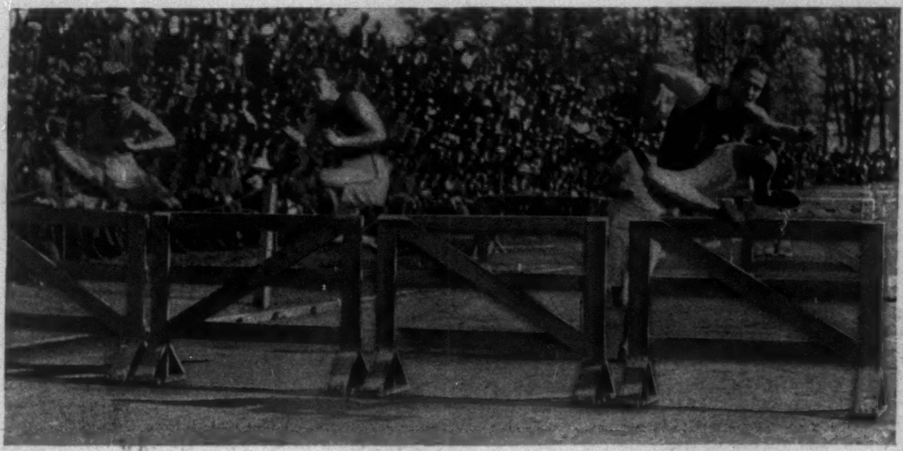


B. JOHNSON (YALE) WINNING THE POLE VAULT AT 11 FEET IN THE HARVARD-YALE GAMES, MAY 15.



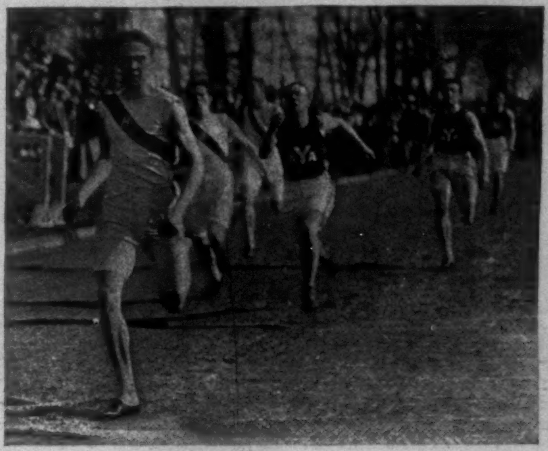
Bigelow (Harvard). Roche (Harvard). Denholm (Harvard). Hoffman (U. of P.).

HOFFMAN WINNING THE 100 YARDS (10 s.) IN THE HARVARD-PENNSYLVANIA GAMES, MAY 8. Photographed (by Stebbins) just as Roche broke down.



Thompson. Van Ingen. Perkins.

PERKINS WINNING THE 120-YARD HURDLES (16 s.) IN THE HARVARD-YALE GAMES AT NEW HAVEN, MAY 15.

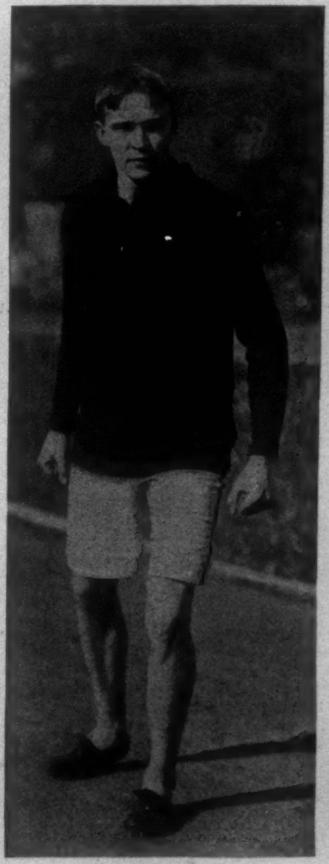


HOLLISTER WINNING THE 440 YARDS (50 4-5 s.) IN THE HARVARD-YALE GAMES, MAY 15.
Hollister, 1st; Garvan (Yale), 2d; Fish (Harvard), 3d.

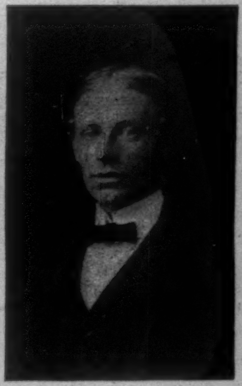
E. C. PERKINS (YALE),
120-Yard Hurdles, 16 s.
220-Yard Hurdles, 25 3-5 s.

J. D. WINSOR, JR. (U. of P.).
High Jump, 6 ft. 2 1-2 in.
Photographed by Stebbins.

N. LESLIE (U. of P.).
High Jump, 6 ft. 1 in.
Photographed by Stebbins.



EVAN HOLLISTER (HARVARD).
Half-mile, 1 m. 54 2-5 s.
Quarter-mile, 50 1-5 s.



L. P. BAYARD, JR. (PR'TON),
Inter-collegiate Golf Champion, 1897.

W. B. FETTERMAN, (U. of P.).
One-mile Walk, 6 m. 47 s.
Photographed by Stebbins.

R. C. MERWIN (YALE).
High Jump, 6 ft. 2 1-4 in.

SOME PROSPECTIVE INTER-COLLEGIATE CHAMPIONS.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT," PAGE 549.]

A NATIONAL HYMN.

(Continued from page 543.)

A common idea runs that the best national hymns, or some of them, have been put forth and taken up rather haphazard, given their existence and national usage by chance and a gradual process. Not so. Conspicuous ones have been written down with deliberate intent to make them national, and published with that aim, successfully. The Hauschka-Haydn hymn of Austria, "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser," was written, words and music, because a national Austrian hymn was needed; and its presentation (through the occurrence of a royal birthday, whereon it was sung at various theatres) at once gave it its position. The admirable Russian national lyric (the finest of such hymns yet adopted by any people) was written and composed by General Lwoff with the express intent of making it the country's supreme chant; and Lwoff (who, like General César Cui of to-day, was as accomplished a soldier as he was musician) entirely succeeded. The "Marseillaise," it is true, was evolved by Rouget de Lisle as a sectional rather than a general war-song, but no mere accidents and uncertainties gave it its national prestige. The same may be said of the Prussian "Die Wacht am Rhein," now United Germany's chief national air, albeit one unsatisfactory in the finest hymn traits, and supplemented frequently by the "Heil dir im Siegerkranz" and "Ein' feste Burg."

It is also interesting to note that some of the most indisputably national hymns show real *desiderata* as to elements of the appropriate and musical. Out of a group of national pæans one is inclined, as above, to give Russia's a first prize—in a splendid rhythmic simplicity, decisive accents, solemn emotionality, and in adaptability to military occasions. A national hymn must somehow suggest this last. You must hear the tramp of the army of the land in it as well as the prayer of the people. "God save the Queen" may be placed next; a dignified, broad, courageous melody, firm in harmonies, susceptible of rich embellishments—a war-chant and a supplication. The "Marseillaise" has a *soupçon* too much of the rhapsodic and of the undevotional in it; thrilling as it is, whether as poem or music. Its poetical force comes when we hear Sarah Bernhardt or Mounet-Sully recite it. Still it is temperamentally delightful in Frenchiness. The beautiful Austrian air is a shade too smooth—what painters call "curvy"; it needs some "square touches" as a soldier-song. "Die Wacht am Rhein" is worked out at just a trifle too much length, nor is it essentially a serious air. The fault of a bit too much musical development sticks to the Swedish hymn. One of the poorest of national hymns comes from Italy ... where lives and still works Verdi, the man who of all composers alive could be expected to fulfil every condition in a hymn for his people, or any people. The Cuban struggles against Spain have elicited three remarkable lyrics—one belonging to 1821 and later, "The Exile's Hymn," its verses by no less a poet than Hérédia; the "Hymn of the Cuban War," by Tolon, current in 1874; and the recent "Himno Bayames," or "Cuban Marsellesa," by Figuerdo, the soldier-poet. There are several Greek patriotic airs that are national, though the lyrics by Rhigas and Salomo are perhaps the predominant ones.

The originality of a large and prominent group of national lyrics is notoriously in dispute. Thus England and Germany have long discussed whether "God save the Queen" was taken from "Heil dir im Siegerkranz"—or if the borrowing be the other way. The English hymn was first sung in 1740—not till then; indeed, few of the current national hymns are as old—at a public banquet. The "Heil dir," as an actual German publication, comes later. Against this fact is opposed the use of the air as a Volkslied, from a much more remote date. Rouget de Lisle's authorship of the music of the "Marseillaise" has been questioned vigorously. Haydn and Alexis Lwoff have not been upset. By-the-bye, it is curious to notice the progression in Egypt (a country hardly supposed to be in a condition to think about a national air) of an exotic that may be counted as a supposititious national air, the stately chorus "Gloria all' Egitto!" occurring in the second act of Verdi's Egyptian *Aïda*. An air of local originating, but not popularly sung, is associated in Turkey with the funerals and interments of Sultans. Denmark's national hymn is well known through Longfellow's translation—"King Christian stood by the Lofty Mast." The Swedish air is as settled and Swedish as the memory of Charles XII. Japan has a curious and good made-to-order national hymn, in general acceptance.

The new American Hymn, presented on another page, is a responsible effort toward furnishing the country with a distinctive national anthem suitable in sentiment and of musical dignity. The verses are from Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and they offer images and aspirations thoroughly American. Mr. Charles Crozat Converse, to whom is due the musical setting, is an American composer of distinction, a native of Massachusetts, educated at one of Germany's foremost centres of instruction, for many years returned to his professional work here, and a writer whose compositions, including his orchestral works, have met with respect at home and abroad. The air is a broad and simple melody, with a solidity of harmonic effect, and a distinctively religious vein, emphasized by the fact that its metre is the same as that of the stately "Old Hundredth." It is, in fact, doxologic. It is the joint attempt of two Americans to supply something needed all the year round and all over the land.

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

TENNESSEE MOUNTAINEERS AT THE FAIR.

Vanity Fair is the name given at Nashville to that interesting part of the show which might have inherited the meaningless name of "Midway."

All our old friends of Chicago, San Francisco, and Atlanta are there, from the disciple of Barnum, who tried to induce a group of country clergymen to enter the Cairo Theatre by telling them that "this is the dance that John the Baptist lost his head over," to the tamer of more or less wild beasts. But over in one corner of Vanity Fair is a show that is genuine and characteristic of the State of Tennessee.

There "Uncle Jack," an old mountaineer in a coon-skin cap, presides over a moonshine still, and, after explaining carefully to every visitor all the fine points of the magic change of corn through sour mash into "mountain dew," whispers solemnly as a dead secret that he never distilled a drop of wild-cat whiskey in his life. Never!

Nevertheless I believe the old man has moonshined on many a wild mountain-top.

Uncle Jack has an assistant, a tremendous fellow, who lacks only a few inches of seven feet in his boots (I doubt if he was ever measured in his stockings).

He is said to have a record that is usually kept with a jack-knife on a gun-barrel, and he looks it.

There is a good deal of simple human nature in the customs of eastern Tennessee. The mountains are not so very large, and occasionally one gets too small to hold two of its inhabitants. Then it is that the careless man has to go, and the man who always kept his gun loaded remains. Uncle Jack's big assistant seems always to have been a careful, forehanded, or at least forearmed citizen.

Uncle Jack would be a more comfortable man to share a mountain with; a man given rather to contemplation than to action. I stood beside him one day while a gentleman who was dangling in the sky on a bicycle seat suspended from a balloon was supposed to be sailing an "airship."

Uncle Jack followed him with his eyes until he became a mere speck. Then he said, "I wouldn't car' to ever resk my old body so high as that—but m' soul—I don't car' how high that goes!"

Besides the still, a whole household of mountain people and their belongings have been transplanted to the fair.

One woman at a loom weaves the gray woollen homespun known as jeans; another weaves a coarse linen. The linen-weaver is an elderly woman, and when she heard that her visitor was from New York, felt that she had found a friend. She wanted to know if I knew of "Edwards." "Why Edwards, the first man what went to N' York.

"He owned N' York mostly. Well, sir, I'm his kin, and we had a suit up agin the city of Noo York, and we could 'a' won it, too; it was for a hundred million, but the lawyers, why, they comp'mised it fer silver plate and m'hog'ny furniture; an' just then the lawyers both died 'fore it was quite fixed; but we got new lawyers now, an' I may be livin' on Fifth Avenoo some day yit." And the old lady pulled down her blue sun-bonnet, and started the old smooth shuttle back and forward a few more times while waiting for another compromise.

W. A. Rogers.

THE SHAW MEMORIAL.

One fine day in the early spring of '63 the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, the first colored regiment raised in New England, tramped on its way to the front through the city of Boston, and as the line turned the corner into Beacon Street it marched by the reviewing-stand that stood between the two elms fronting the State House. At the head of the column rode Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, a young citizen-soldier who had seen more than one battle, and whose early military training had been gained in the Seventh Regiment of New York city.

Many thousands watched that dusky line tramp down the hill; no holiday soldiers these, no careless, laughing body of recruits, but free men, facing almost certain death to relieve from bondage their brothers of the South. None knew the fate that was to befall them and their leader; of their test of flame and carnage at Fort Wagner there is not time to tell. "He is buried with his niggers," said the Southerners, when, under a flag of truce, the officers of the regiment sought their colonel's body. With them he had marched and fought and fallen; with them he lies in the deep trench below the ramparts.

When the work of perpetuating the memory of Shaw and his officers was given to Augustus St.-Gaudens, it was known that something fitting the place and the occasion would be forth-coming. For years St.-Gaudens wrought upon his masterpiece, and gradually it took shape and form—a deep bass-relief some eighteen feet in length by ten in height.

The mounted figure of the young colonel stands boldly out life size. He rides beside his troops—for here they are, black men sprung from the many scattered tribes of Africa, negroes from the Nile and the Congo, and from the eastern coast. In the rough uniform that made them part of the great blue-clad army that was spread from the Mississippi to the sea, here they are hurrying forward, silently hurrying in their creaky army boots. No pomp or magnificence, no trimly fitting tunics or bright accoutrements, mark them. The heavy knapsacks hang from their sturdy shoulders; the coarse, ill-fitting trousers flap about their dusty feet; the black, sinewy fingers grasp the heel-plates of the muskets with an eager determination.

On they come, on they go, file upon file, in column of fours, and at their head two little drummer-boys. One can see the peculiar drummer's swing of hip and shoulder, and can almost catch the excited tremble of the lips as their faces twitch to the time and excitement of their music. Back in the ranks a low-browed, thick-featured soldier, with a surly countenance, marches beside a lad whose good-humored face reflects a merry nature. Those lips were made to whistle with; there is a restless twinkle in his eye; he slouches a little in his walk, with the dragging gait of the darky.

Here is the well-studied, heavily bearded face of an older man, a natural soldier, the Libyan of the upper desert; here is the soft-spoken, ease-loving dweller of the plains and river valleys. And beside his troops rides the colonel. No vainglorious expression on his face, no mark of the man who lives by fighting; here is the citizen-soldier going to the war, with the full responsibility of his position marked in his calm, grave face. Though erect his attitude, no aggressive military swagger or dominant pride marks him. His eyes are straight ahead, and one might think that he was looking without a tremor down the long path of duty to that bloody, yawning trench.

Above the marching column there floats an allegorical female figure, hard to name at a first glance. It seems no more out of place than were it a realistic adjunct of the scene. The flowing draperies make the clouds, the palms carried in the hand might be the reaching branches of a tree. It is the essence or the spirit of a thought embodied in the bronze. She is not Fame, nor Destiny, nor Glory, nor Victory, with onward-pointing finger and courageous visage. Nor is she Fate exactly. Pityingly, lovingly, and with full sympathy, this figure looks down upon the marching men—the men who were never taken prisoners, the men who were to fill the trench at Fort Wagner, who were to lead the charge against the Confederate line. It is Humanity watching without urging on; it is the embodiment of Sympathy.

The scope of the memorial has been enlarged from its original object. It is no longer a monument to Colonel Shaw alone, but to the officers of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (and to the men in the ranks also it must be, for here they are). At the unveiling, which takes place on the 31st of this month, there will be present Colonel Shaw's old regiment, the Seventh. The few survivors of those who served with him will attend, and the fact must impress itself upon the mind that the grizzled and time-furrowed handful of colored men, standing there bareheaded, with little bronze buttons in the lapels of their coats, thirty-four years ago marched with their regiment from this same spot one bright April day.

As a work of art and an ornament to Boston Common, the Shaw Memorial can be noticed but as in a class of its own. In dignity, in realism, and art of grouping, construction, and method, it is unsurpassed in this country, and Augustus St.-Gaudens has made for himself a lasting monument also, for the value and greatness of his work shall here be recognized by succeeding generations of his countrymen. There has not been a detail that he has not studied thoroughly. Texture as well as atmosphere has been produced. Dramatic action as well as motion has he succeeded in imparting. Without the aid of any trickery he has suggested sound. This is art that serves no other ends than those of its own.

The work itself may be said to have a northern and a southern exposure. On the north side, fronting the Capitol, is the great bass-relief with inscriptions beneath it. From either flank project two long stone wings, or, better, walls of granite. A stone bench is in front of the bass-relief, and two others at the angles of the wall. On the southern side, fronting the Common, are a number of tablets bearing various inscriptions, and wreaths with the names of the officers of the regiment. The design for the pedestal and the plans of the architectural surroundings are the work of Charles F. McKim.

A drinking-fountain occupies the centre, and on each side of it are two more stone seats.

As the Common slopes abruptly from the roadway upon which the monument faces, the walled space is high and wide, affording a good chance for mural decoration. Viewed from in front, the monument stands midway between two tall elms that are embraced by the arms of the low stone wall. It occupies the space where the old reviewing-stand once stood.

The location is a most happy one in many respects. Here Shaw started for the front; from under these very elms his regiment was reviewed, and in the shade of their branches he and his brave black men in bronze will continue marching, and their memory will never perish.

James Barnes.

THROUGH TIME UNCHANGEABLE.

DEDICATED, WITH APPROPRIATE SENTIMENTS, TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, IN COMMEMORATION OF THE SIGNING OF THE CIVIL SERVICE ACT.

Long years ago, e'en when the world was young—
Before the days, indeed, when Homer sung—
'Twas plain to all who had a bit of sight
That black was black, and never could be white.

The ages passed, and many a change came o'er
The land and sea, the mountain and the shore:
The mountain changed its peak, its base and curve;
The shifting sands upon the coasts did swerve.

Where pastures were the sea came rolling in;
Where all was good came all allied with sin.
But white has e'er remained the same, pure white,
And black has ever held the hue of night.

Wherefore should we to-day dare hope to see
A change, wherein this state of things should be
Reversed, and that which ever has been black
Turn white, and travel on the other track?

The leopard changes not its spots, they say;
The ass will never sing, must ever bray;
And never can we mortals hope to see
Black symbolize the thought of purity.

Or East or West, 'twill ever be the same;
Or North or South, no glory—no, nor shame—
No question of the wrong or of the right,
Can take what's black and turn it into white.

John Kendrick Bangs.

WASHINGTON DAY IN PHILADELPHIA.

The theory of the sluggishness of Philadelphia, which used to be amusing to the satirists of other American cities, has been revived by the history of the Washington Monument unveiled in Fairmount Park May 15. It is a fact that eighty-six years have elapsed since the project of such a monument was formed by the Society of the Cincinnati. At that time Philadelphia was not only in population, but in almost every attribute of civilization, the foremost of American cities. In public archtecture, indeed, in spite of the completion ten years before of the Boston State House, of the then recent completion of the New York City Hall, and of what had been done on the Capitol in "Federal City," it was so easily first that it approved itself not merely to Pennsylvanians as the proper place for a national monument to Washington.

It is fortunate, however, that the project was not then realized. If the projectors had appealed to native talent for their monument, they would have got something merely ludicrous, and the art of sculpture was not so flourishing even in Europe at that time that a commission could have been sent abroad with any great confidence. When the time came for the execution of the project, American sculpture could have been appealed to with complete confidence for a worthy commemoration of the Father of his Country. It does not clearly appear why this course was not pursued. The commission was, in fact, sent to Professor Simmering, in Berlin. The result is the academic German "Denkmaal" that was to be expected, the statue with allegorical, realistic, and architectural accessories, of which Rauch's Frederick the Great in Berlin is the prototype—which is by no means to say that it is not a dignified and worthy work. Among the accessories of the equestrian figure is a group representing America rousing her sons to contend for their liberty, another group representing her as receiving from them the trophies of their conquests, a bass-relief representing the Continental army on the march, and another representing a West-bound emigrant-train. National and State emblems are also introduced. At each of the four corners of the platform upon which the monument stands is a fountain with an Indian figure, typifying an American river, and each fountain is flanked with two specimens of the American fauna.

The monument is very fortunately placed at the entrance of the beautiful Fairmount Park, where it dominates the principal approach, and where also it can be well seen in detail. Philadelphia is not only very lucky in the possession of a domain so adapted by nature to the purpose of a great public pleasure-ground, in the diversification of its surface, and in the variety of the views which it embraces or commands, but she has been equally skilful in making the most of its natural advantages. For the particular purposes of a combined demonstration by land and water New York rejoices, in Riverside Park, in a possession quite unequalled elsewhere in the world. During the past few years she has shown an increasing capacity for making appropriate use of it, in the series of pageants beginning with General Grant's funeral, and ending, thus far, with the dedication of his monument. This particular advantage Philadelphia must forego. There was, indeed, a naval display and salute as part of the exercises at the dedication of the monument, in which, with some American men-of-war and the mercantile marine, a French gunboat took part, gracefully recalling the French alliance of the Revolution. But the ships were anchored in the Delaware, whereas the land parade took its way near the banks of the innavigable Schuylkill. To it the men-of-war contributed only their contingents of marching blue-jackets and marines. It was an impressive sight, some twelve thousand troops—regulars, Pennsylvanians, and Jerseymen—passing in review before the President. In the evening there was a bicycle parade along the lovely Schuylkill River Drive, of which the riparian boat-houses were all illuminated.

The literary exercises of the dedication were an impressive address by the President and an oration by Mr. William W. Porter, the "orator of the day," the presentation of the monument by the representative of the Cincinnati, and its reception by the Mayor of Philadelphia.

THE MILITARY AND ATHLETIC CARNIVAL AT CHICAGO.

THE military carnival held last January in the Madison Square Garden afforded entertainment, as all New York shows do, to many visitors as well as to the resident population of the town. Among the visitors who witnessed and approved was Colonel Louis M. Hamburger, of Chicago. On him the carnival made so agreeable an impression that he determined that the idea deserved a wider development, and busied himself at once in organizing a similar spectacle for the benefit of the military organizations, the athletes, and the general population of Chicago. The result was an athletic and military carnival, held in Chicago in the Coliseum Building (built for political conventions), which began May 10 and lasted six days. It was held under the auspices of the Central Association of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States. The War Department at Washington approved and aided it, and Paymaster-General T. H. Stanton opened it as Secretary Alger's representative. The enterprise had also the valuable support and co-operation of Brigadier-General Wheeler of the First Brigade, Illinois National Guard, and of the officers of the Amateur Athletic Union. It was arranged that the profits of the show, if there were any, should be divided among the charities of Chicago.

The performances were substantially like those given in the Madison Square Garden, and combined a show of drill, military exercises, and sham fights with various athletic contests. The chief part in the military exhibition was taken by regulars from Fort Sheridan, including a troop from the First Cavalry, a company from the Fourth Infantry, a battery from the Second Artillery, and a detachment from the Hospital Corps. They were supplemented on various days by troops and companies of the national guards of Illinois and Wisconsin, by crews from the United States life-saving stations, by companies of naval reserves, by a bicycle corps from the Northwestern Military Academy, by organizations of Knights Templar, and other trained companies.

The athletic end of the carnival was supported by members of the various athletic associations which abound in and near Chicago, including many school and college associations, and by many visiting athletes, including representatives from the Knickerbocker Athletic Club of New York, and sprinters, jumpers, hurdle-racers, shot-putters, and "teams" of all sorts from as far South as Kentucky and as far East as New York. Bicycle-races, which were so entertaining a feature of the exhibitions in New York, were included in the plan, but were given up after one or two accidents. The course was flat, and could not well be banked up at the turns, so that bicycle-racing on it was too hazardous.

Six evening and two afternoon performances were given. The military programme was about the same every day, including a parade of all the military, drills, bayonet exercises, and escalading by Lieutenant Lowe's infantry; mounted drill, firing, and all mounted movements, by Captain Grimes's artillery; battle exercises, riding, hurdle-jumping, and sabre contests by Captain Wainwright's cavalry, and exhibitions by Major Davidson's Northwestern Military Academy's bicycle corps, and by the life-saving crew under Lieutenant Reinburg. These were the staples of the military part of the entertainment, and variety was afforded by the drills of the militiamen, both infantry and cavalry. Several in-door world's records were broken by the athletes, and Lieutenant Lowe's men are credited with scaling a wall thirty-one feet high, which is higher by three feet than is known to have been scaled by the human-pyramid method before. The prize banner went to the Chicago Athletic Association, by forty-seven points as against thirty-seven for the Knickerbocker Athletic Club of New York. The latter club has, however, protested against the counting of the relay race for points. Should this protest be sustained, the banner will go to the Knickerbockers.

As a whole the carnival was considered a decided success, and a committee was formed to provide another next year.

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(*To be continued week after next.*)

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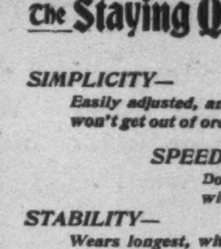

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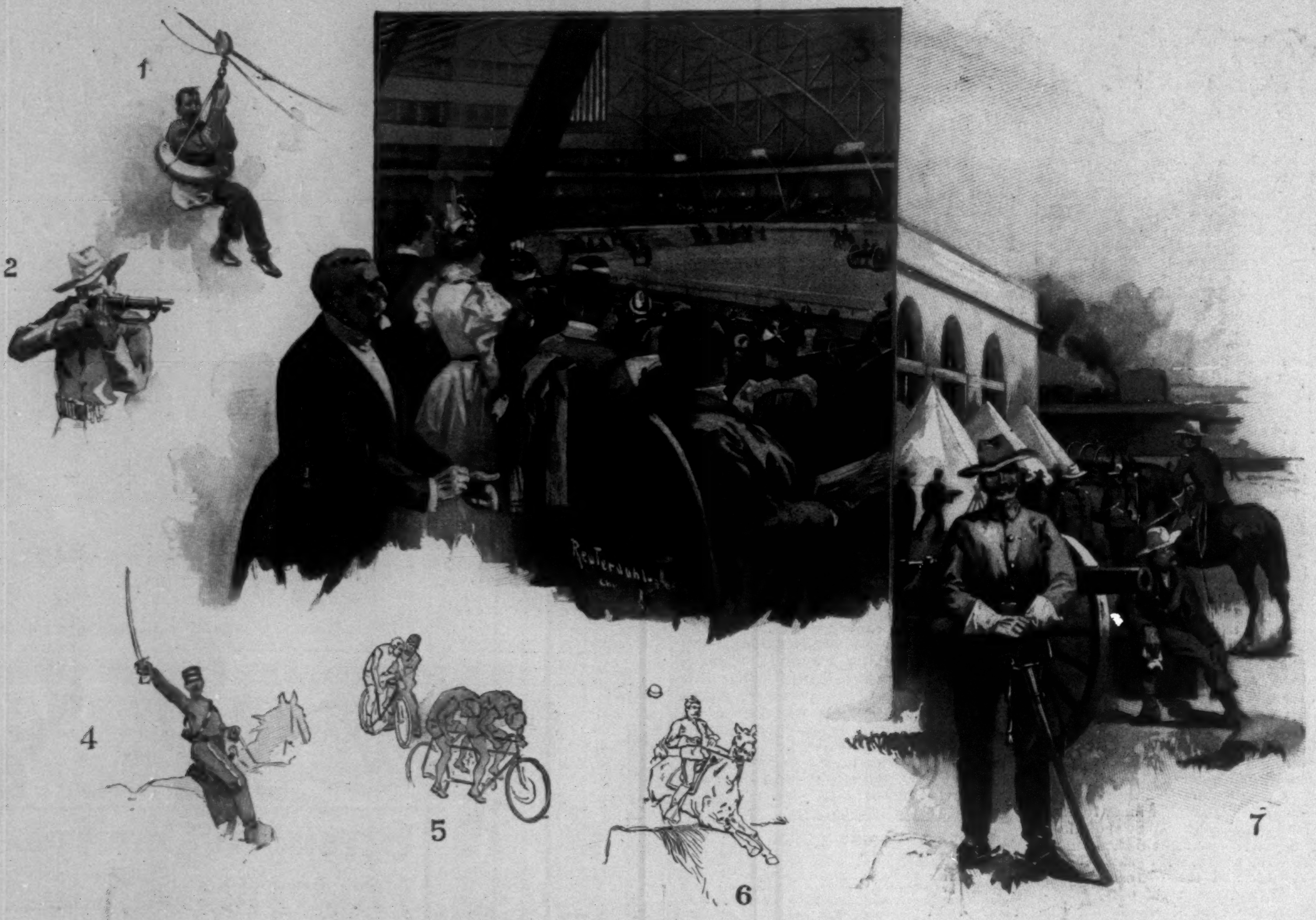

SCENES AT THE ATHLETIC AND MILITARY CARNIVAL, CHICAGO, MAY 10–15.—Drawn by H. Reuterdahl.—[See Page 547.]
1. A Life-saver. 2. National Guardsman, Illinois. 3. Artillery Drill. 4. United States Cavalry. 5. Bicycle-racing. 6. Hurdle-jumping, United States Cavalry. 7. A Corner of the Camp.

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AMATEUR-SPORT

THE BRITISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE MIDDLE-AGED.

SHORTLY after the decision of last year's amateur championship a friend remarked to the present writer,

"What surprises me is the way you middle-aged men continue to hold your own against the younger fellows coming on."

It is true that Mr. Tait, who won that championship, can by no freak of chronology be put among the "middle-aged men," seeing that he is, or was then, nearer twenty years of age than thirty; and, after all, there was something a little startling in hearing one's self classed, with one or two others for the most part younger, as "you middle-aged men." The worst of it is that it was probably true, and that is why the fact, so crudely presented, startled me. Just thirty-seven—if a personal explanation may be excused on account of its direct bearing on the general question—was the writer's age; Mr. Ball and Mr. Laidlay were each a year or two younger; Mr. Hilton, a good many years younger. Yet all of these were lumped together generally among "you middle-aged men." It sounded funny, but it begins to be too true.

However, such as it was, the remark of my friend—he is still my friend—and the spirit of it were quite true to the fact. It was curious that the "veterans" held their ground so well and made so good a show in the championship, even if they did not win it. This was only last year. This year, at Muirfield, the green of the Honorable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, there has been such a disorganization, such an annihilation, as it may be called, of the veteran ranks, that the "middle-aged men," one and all, had to take a back seat among the spectators while the final for the championship was played out between two nearly unknown players, of whom even the elder was not very long out of his teens. Curiously it happened that it was the most middle-aged, so far as years go, Mr. Balfour-Melville, who survived longest out of the old brigade. The ultimate winner beat him in the semi-finals, catching him at a disadvantage—off his driving, which is generally the strongest part of his game. The particular middle-aged man who writes was spared out of this general *débâcle* by the kindness of an attack of bronchitis, which prevented his playing.

The very first day was fatal to two ex-champions, Mr. Ball and Mr. Laidlay. The former met a young player, Mr. Maxwell, who had been showing fine form all the winter at North Berwick, and the two played a terrific match. Mr. Maxwell played a grand shot on to the last green, from a bad lie, and so won the final hole, which he had looked bound to lose, and halved the match. After that, hole after hole was halved with fine golf until the fifth was reached, which Mr. Maxwell won. It was a wonderful victory for a boy of nineteen, and there is no previous record of a championship match being taken as far as the fifth hole before decision. Last year, at Sandwich, we had one taken to the fourth hole.

Mr. Laidlay's victor was a Mr. Miller of Edinburgh, of whom no one expected that he would so distinguish himself. This match again was a halved one, but it settled itself in Mr. Miller's favor on the second green.

The day after Mr. Maxwell had done with and done for Mr. Ball he had to meet Mr. Hilton, and beat him very severely. Justice seemed to have gone home, off the links, in the course of this match, for Mr. Miller lined his opponent three stymies in the first eight holes. A young St. Andrews student beat Mr. Mure-Fergusson heavily. Mr. Tait was knocked out of all chance of retaining the champion title by Mr. Greig, of the St. Andrews town club; but these two, Mr. Greig and Mr. Maxwell, fell to opponents far less famous than those they had defeated—to Mr. Lawson and to Mr. Robb respectively. The latter is again a member of the St. Andrews town club, a very young fellow, but a very fine golfer. To cut a long story short—for it is not my business to give a detailed account of the tournament—Mr. Robb and Mr. Allan were left in till the final, which was won by the latter chiefly through his superior coolness. He was perhaps a little lucky in having an easy draw, and in meeting Mr. Balfour-Melville when the latter was not at his best; but when all is said it is impossible to rob his victory of its great merit.

The tournament was in every way a success. I do not see the name of one competitor who might not, quite conceivably, have beaten the champion; and yet it was the biggest entry-list that we have had as yet. And after the result of this championship it will be hard for us to say of any man ever again: "What has *he* gone in for the championship for? What is *he* doing in this *galère*, encumbering the ground?"

It was high time that it arrived, as my friend's quoted remark signified, this overthrow of the middle-aged; and no doubt we ought to be able to endure it better, seeing that we have all gone down together, in a goodly company. But let those young ones who have achieved our downfall take notice of this, that though we are overthrown for the moment, we are still only middle-aged, not fossilized—to be labelled as extinct monsters and put on the shelf. We shall be found, even when we are a year older, still to have some remnant of life left in us, and shall hope to join battle again, with a different issue.

And whatever the issue, there is always the consolation for the golfer of the happy old age. One's pleasure in the game, mercifully, does not depend on the quality of one's execution. This merit it shares with whist, possessing in addition the peculiar one that it need not be played in partnership, so that your heinous offences, instead of causing a partner to tear his hair and throw down his cards, will only bring a happy smile to the face of the opponent while he reckons up the relative scores.

The result of the championship will work for good in another direction also; we shall no longer be able to grumble, as we used to grumble, about the "fortune of the draw." Evidently the chances of the championship are not confined within as narrow limits as we supposed. For the future we may draw the unknown man, and he may turn out to be the future champion in disguise. It is more obvious than ever that you can "call no man happy till his latter end," or, in less classic phrase, that "you never know your luck." HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

LONDON, *May 10, 1897*.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE GOLF TOURNAMENT held May 12–14 on the course of the Ardsley Club provided most pleasing revelations of the progress this game has made at the universities. A rain-soaked and soggy course, and somewhat of a deluge during play on the second day, argued mediocre golf. Yet, despite the unfavorable climatic conditions, sixteen of the twenty-one starters played exceeding good and five notable golf.

The weather conditions, in fact, during the three days of play, were just of the sort to make the Ardsley course difficult; for though comparatively easy if you keep straight, Ardsley severely penalizes your blunders. Low scores, therefore, were the more remarkable.

In the individual championship Harvard had eight men, Yale eight, Princeton four, and Columbia one—the best known being L. P. Bayard, Jr. (Princeton), and W. B. Cutting, Jr. (Harvard), both of whom did so well last autumn in the United States amateur championship; Roderick Terry, Jr., and John Reid, Jr. (Yale), two of the most promising of the younger generation of golfers; W. B. Smith (Yale), J. F. Curtiss, and J. H. Choate, Jr., of Harvard.

THE STRONGEST BID for the title it seemed, before the tournament, would come from Reid, Bayard, Terry, and Cutting; and so, with the single exception of Reid, it turned out. Probably more was expected of Reid than of any other contestant, because he had, only the week before, done the eighteen holes in 83, which was three better than the, at that time, tournament record for the course—86, made by W. H. Sands. But the Yale man fell down badly; he went into that heart-breaking gulch which entraps the luckless (or would not careless be the more fitting word?) on the drive-off for the second hole, and thereafter was weak on the putting-green.

Bayard started off still more poorly, but finished strong, and with the exception of a topped drive and a puny putt on the home green that was costly, played the second round evenly, scoring 91 for the eighteen holes, and winning the championship. Cutting and Terry tied for second place with 92. But for some poor work at the fifteenth and home holes, Cutting would have surpassed Bayard's score handily. He was 67 when he drove off for the fifteenth hole. Terry played the most evenly of the three, and only that he missed an easy putt at the seventeenth hole, would have tied Bayard.

The cards of the three leaders follow:

L. P. Bayard, Jr., Princeton—											
Out	6	7	3	3	5	5	5	5	6	—45	
In	4	5	6	4	5	6	4	5	7	—46	—91
W. B. Cutting, Jr., Harvard—											
Out	5	5	4	4	7	6	4	5	6	—46	
In	4	4	4	4	5	7	5	5	8	—46	—92
Roderick Terry, Jr., Yale—											
Out	5	5	6	4	6	5	4	4	7	—46	
In	4	6	5	4	5	6	4	6	6	—46	—92

Comparing these with the Ardsley bogie score below, the excellent quality of their golf, under the circumstances, is apparent.

										Total.
Yards	—205	225	290	122	375	275	183	350	500	—2525
Strokes	—4	4	4	3	5	5	4	4	6	—39

The best score for nine holes was made by W. B. Betts, who did his second round in 43, and the longest drive was that of W. B. Smith, who, in his opening play, from the first tee, sent the ball near on to two hundred yards. Those who, besides the first three, returned scores under 100 were: W. B. Smith, 93; Craig Colgate, 94—both of Yale. R. B. Stone, 95, Harvard. W. R. Betts, 96; S. A. Smith, 96; John Reid, Jr., 97—all of Yale. J. F. Curtis, 98, Harvard.

THE TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP, which extended over two days, demonstrated Yale's entire worthiness for the title, as her representatives won over Princeton by 35 to 4 in the first round, and in the second and final round beat Harvard 28 to 4, Harvard having in the first round defeated Columbia, 54 to 0. Besides this team victory, Mr. Terry, Yale's captain, made one round of the course (nine holes) in 41, and the eighteen holes in 84, which was seven strokes better than the score that gave Mr. Bayard the individual championship, and two better than the Ardsley tournament record.

Quite the most interesting match was that between Terry and Cutting. The latter has somewhat neglected golf for baseball this spring, and did not perform quite up to his possibilities. He and Terry are very even. They tied in the individual championship, and with the exception of Cutting's being bunkered in play for the Alps hole and getting into the trees on a drive for the home hole, their games were equally good in the team rounds. Terry was the more consistent, largely to be accounted for, no doubt, by the greater opportunity he has had for practice this spring. Close and exciting play is promised when these two meet later in the year.

TERRY EQUALLED THE BOGIE SCORE for seven holes, and beat bogie a stroke on the seventh, ninth, and

Craig Colgate. S. A. Smith. Roderick Terry, Jr. (Captain). W. R. Betts. John Reid, Jr. W. B. Smith.

THE YALE TEAM, WINNER OF THE INTER-COLLEGIATE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, MAY 14, AT ARDSLEY.

eighteenth holes. Cutting made nine holes in bogie figures.

SUMMARY.

Yale.	Score.	Holes.	Harvard.	Score.	Holes.
Roderick Terry, Jr....	84	3	W. B. Cutting, Jr.....	89	0
S. A. Smith............	88	5	J. T. Burden, Jr......	93	0
W. R. Betts	89	12	J. F. Curtis............	101	0
Craig Colgate	95	0	J. H. Choate, Jr......	91	4
John Reid, Jr.........	91	5	T. B. Gannett, Jr.....	96	0
W. B. Smith (no card)		3	R. B. Stone...........	—	0
Total...........		28	Total		4

The first round, in which Yale beat Princeton, brought Bayard and Terry together, and the former defeated the latter, 89 to 93. Bayard, Terry, and Cutting are all three very evenly matched, but Bayard is perhaps the strongest, his approach-work especially excelling the others'. All the scores improved as the tournament progressed and familiarity with the course increased.

The excellent golfing quality of the Meadow Brook course attracted the largest entry of this spring to the club's tournament week before last. It was, too, rather a representative lot of tournament-players, including a majority of the best and a fair percentage of the indifferent performers.

There were of the scratch division Tyng, Toler, Menzies, Thorp, Bird, Hollins junior, and Sorchan, but only Menzies (96) and Sorchan (98) went the course in the first round of the tournament in two figures, Thorp taking 100 and Tyng 101—the latter score being equalled by Bird, and also by Harriman.

The bogie score of Meadow Brook is 82, and the course provides greater opportunities for good golf than any in this neighborhood. There are bold open stretches for driving, good lies for brassie shots, and putting-greens that are not terraced nor levelled like a billiard table. The hazards are well placed. The playing distance for the nine holes is 2870 yards.

Perhaps the rain had something to do with it, but after Menzies had won the medal for the best score in the morning, there followed considerable of a reversal in the afternoon's play for the Meadow Brook cup—Rogers beating Menzies 2 up and 1 to play, and Frothingham beating Thorp 4 up and 3 to play. Sorchan retired when Tyng had him 1 up at thirteen holes.

Surprises multiplied in the third round for the club cup, when Morten defeated Rogers 1 up, and Frothingham beat Peters 2 up. Nor could rain be urged in extenuation, as this day was clear and cold. Bird and Tyng met in the finals, after each had easily disposed of his opponent in the semi-finals, and neither showed his best form. Tyng outplayed Bird in driving and on the putting-green; in approaching, however, Bird did the better work. Tyng won the match in the first round, with a score of 43 to 52; on the second round they were 24 all at the fifth hole, and halved the remaining four.

The Hempstead handicap brought out the best play of the tournament, the best score for eighteen holes, and a new amateur record for one round (nine holes) of the Meadow Brook course, Mr. W. J. Travis being the honor-man (without his handicap of 7) on all three counts. He made the eighteen holes in 90 gross, doing 40 on his second round of nine holes, which is one better than the bogie score, 41. Messrs. Rennard and Frothingham each did the course in 91 gross, the former's handicap being 3 and the latter's 4.

Of the scratch men, Toler led with 93, Tyng made 96, Menzies 98, Bird and Hollins junior 101 each.

There is a strong probability that the present golfing year will, in its early autumnal season, provide an opportunity for match play between representatives of the first class of the Old and New worlds.

The Norwood Casino, which hitherto has held one of the most important and interesting invitation lawn-tennis tournaments of the season, intends this year to replace tennis by golf. A tournament will be given about the first week in September, to which four English and from four to six American players will be invited.

Invitations have already been extended to Horace Hutchinson, Ernley Blackwell, Leslie Balfour-Melville, and John E. Laidley, and definitely accepted by the first two; Mr. Balfour-Melville will very likely also come, but Mr. Laidley is doubtful. Perhaps another may come in his stead. The visitors will of course remain for our championships, and likely enough win them, unless the current season's play develops home talent to an extraordinary extent. At all events, we are indebted to the Norwood Club for what will be the most important and interesting incident in American golfing history up to date.

There is so much that may come to pass between this writing and the day of the Inter-collegiate Athletic Championships, a week hence, that a discussion of college prospects, not to mention likely individual point-winners, must be more or less provisional.

For matter of that, however, who remembers a year entirely free of disturbing factors? We make our best calculations a week or ten days in advance, and when the day of contest arrives, some inconsiderate young gentleman goes entirely off his form; or another, equally unmindful of your carefully prepared figures, if more ambitious, reveals latent capabilities; or yet another, most offensive of all, falls behind in his studies, and does not turn up at all; and there you are—an unhonored prophet in a land of continuous surprises.

This year several things may happen, any one of which will materially affect the scoring. Hoffman's amateur status may be so seriously questioned as to necessitate the withdrawal of his entry, in which event Univ. of Penn. could not win a point in the sprints. Burke may not compete, and Harvard's points be thereby increased in the quarter. Sheldon and Beck may not earn in the classroom the right to represent their *alma mater* on the athletic field, and Yale thereby suffer in the weight events. And Wisconsin may send on some men to upset present calculations.

But come what may, it seems as though first place rests between Yale and Univ. of Penn. Even though Univ. of Penn. lost all her chances in the sprints, and Yale all her prospective points in the weights, unless there were additional reversals, it would profit Harvard so little that her position would not be materially benefited. But if Yale does lose her weight points, then indeed must she come up to her best form in every other event counted upon in order to keep out of third place.

Univ. of Penn. is unquestionably in the most comfortable position of the three. She is certain of her points in the half and one mile runs and one-mile walk; she has the best reasons of the three for counting on the jumps to yield her ten points, and the points that Yale loses in the weights are more than likely to come her way. Harvard does not seem destined to gather much to her advantage from another's mishaps, unless, indeed, there should be some startling reversals in form, and these come most infrequently from either New Haven or Philadelphia. In the table of probable distribution of points it seems as though the crimson has been credited with all the places she might reasonably expect, unless it be perhaps in the pole vault, where the more trustworthy form of Yale should argue the blue winning the greater number of points. If Roche were himself—and it is highly improbable he can equal his best form with a leg so recently strained—Harvard might pick up some points in the sprints. But that cannot be counted upon as I write (May 20).

Yale and Univ. of Penn. will be so close that the smallest accident or incident will affect their struggle for first place—this is, of course, always providing Yale does not lose her weight men. Her chance of first depends on those men. Pennsylvania's score seems less likely than Yale's to be affected by accidents or by "dark horses," but Yale may counterbalance this by the desperately plucky work for which her athletes are noted—and by aid of the bicycle-races—which are a lottery. At all events, it will be a notable struggle.

If University of Wisconsin sends on a team (and the matter is not decided as we go to press) there must needs be a revision of this table of points. At the present moment Wisconsin alumni are circulating a subscription paper to raise an expense fund. If they succeed, Maybury, Richards, Kraentzlein, and Cochems will compete next Saturday. And if they do, and equal their form, Yale's chances for first place will be somewhat lessened. Maybury was recently timed on his college track 100 yards in 9⅘ s. and 120 yards in 11⅘ s., records which may not be given him, from lack of confidence in the accuracy of the timing, but I saw him run 100 yards twice in 10 s. at the Western Inter-collegiate meeting last June, and he is unquestionably a fast man. We have had several Western 10-second men fail on Eastern tracks, but this one, if he is fit, will give Wefers the only close race he has yet had. Richards has a record of 16 s. for the high hurdles; Kraentzlein, 25⅘ s. for the low hurdles; and Cochems has put the shot 41 ft. 5 in. The success of these men, as the table shows, will affect Yale more than any other university.

Probable distribution of the points to be won at the Inter-collegiate Athletic Championship, based on individual public performance. The bicycle events are not taken into consideration nor Wisconsin figured in these estmates.

Event. 1st place, 5 points; 2d place, 2 points; 3d place, 1 point.	Yale.	Univ. of Penn.	Harvard.	Georgetown.	Boston Univ.	Princeton.	Columbia.	Cornell.
100-yard dash......	1	2	..	5	..	..	..	..
220-yard dash......	1	..	..	5	..	2	..	..
440-yard run.......	..	..	2	..	5	1	..	..
880-yard run.......	1	2	5	..	..	..	..	..
One-mile run......	..	6	..	..	..	1	..	..
One-mile walk	2	5	1	..	..	..	..	..
120-yard hurdles...	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
220-yard hurdles...	5	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Pole vault.........	5	..	2	..	..	..	1	..
High jump	2	5	..	..	..	..	..	1
Broad jump	1	5	2	..	..	..	..	..
16-lb. hammer.....	2	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
16-lb. shot.........	5	2	..	..	..	1	..	..
Totals	33	33	15	10	5	5	1	1

There is an embarrassing wealth of sprinters this year. In the 100 yards, one has done 9⅘ s., three 10 s., eight 10⅕ s. In the 220 yards, four have done 22⅕ s., six 22⅖ s., one 22 s., and one 21⅕ s. To place these men is a task which one approaches not without trepidation. For after all, what is it but a guess? the only difference between your guess and mine being that I make the venture oftener, and ought to be the more accurate—or, perhaps I should say, have the greater luck.

In the shorter sprint Wefers, of course, if he is anywhere near normal condition, must be put down a winner. I doubt if even a 9⅘-second man could beat Wefers at his best. Maybury may make him run, but is not likely to do more. The Wisconsin man, however, will destroy Univ. of Penn.'s more or less certain hold on second place; and, indeed, so may Whittemore of Syracuse. Again, Jarvis of Princeton is said to be equal to even time, although he has not yet given public evidence of such speed. I should rather figure on Hoffman beating Maybury for second; and third is rather a scramble, with Byers of Yale somewhat of a favorite. This is not taking Maybury into consideration for third. Indeed, I shall not include the Wisconsin men in my calculations except parenthetically, because their coming, as I write, is too uncertain. In the 220 Wefers is unbeatable, and Colfelt entitled to second, while between Hoffman and Fisher for third only a race can decide the faster.

When Burke did 48⅘ s. in the A. A. U. championship quarter last year, Wefers finished second by about ten yards, but he had previously won the 100 and 220 dashes easily. I doubt if he can win the two sprints next Saturday and duplicate his '96 performance in the quarter. I should back Hollister to beat him in the latter if he attempted all three events. But the probabilities are that Wefers will confine himself to the sprints, and this will leave the quarter to Burke and Hollister, with third place fought out by Colfelt, Vincent, Fish, Garvan, and Gerard, with the chances favoring the first. Fisher is as fast as any of these prospective third-place winners, but seems to be devoting himself this year to the 220. If he runs in the 440, he may pick up a point for Yale.

The half-mile is Hollister's, with Orton, Hinckley, Wright, and Cregan struggling for the places. Hollister is equal to the work cut out for him, but will probably have to duplicate if not beat his best time for the quarter.

Between Orton and Jarvis, Univ. of Penn. seems entitled to the mile, although an upset for second would not surprise me. Cregan ran close to 4 m. 25 s. in the Columbia games, and Wright is a hard man to beat, and will no doubt train especially for this event. The walk is a sure thing for Univ. of Penn., and unless the unforeseen happens, the high hurdles should be equally sure for Yale, certainly for five points, and I doubt if Richards or Bijur or Wheeler can beat out Thompson or Van Ingen for the places.

Yale should also capture first in the low hurdles, and Morse and Warren have it in them to take second and third if they run up to form; if not, Van Ingen will get an unexpected point or two, as will the Wisconsin man—if he comes.

The pole vault is a most uncertain event. Harvard has the best record, but Yale the most reliable performers, and for that reason seems the likely winner. The high jump is even more uncertain, and again consistent work suggests Winsor as the likely winner, with Merwin second, and third fought out by Leslie, Carroll, Morse, and Powell, with chances favoring the last.

Remington (J. P.), on the same ground, is my choice for the broad jump, and Cheney and the Clarks will have a protracted struggle for second and third places, Harvard having two chances to Yale's one for second.

The hammer will be a great contest between Woodruff and Chadwick for first place, and if the former's knee is again sound, he ought to secure the five points for Univ. of Penn., while McCracken gets third place.

The shot points depend entirely upon whether Yale is to be represented by her best men, which is not known at this writing. If Sheldon competes, he ought to take first place, even though Cochems comes East, and Garrett, Woodruff, McCracken, and Beck are about even, the chances favoring Univ. of Penn. Boston University promises a surprise in Hughes.

The bicycle-races are a lottery; but, so far as this season's work goes, Yale has made the best showing, although Columbia will bend all energy in this direction—about the only one, beyond the pole vault and the hurdles, in which there is hope of her scoring.

Caspar Whitney.

LIKELY POINT-WINNERS (OF THE 630 ENTRIES) IN THE INTER-COLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIPS, AT BERKELEY OVAL, MAY 29, 1897.

Event.	Yale.	Univ. of Penn.	Harvard.	Princeton.	Miscellaneous.
100 yards....	Byers, .10 1-5. Graff, .10 1-5. Chappel, .10 1-5.	Hoffman, .10.	Roche, .10 1-5. Bigelow, .10 1-5. Denholm, .10 1-5.	Jarvis, .10 1-5.	Wefers, .9 4-5, Georgetown. Maybury, .10, Wisconsin. Whittemore, .10, Syracuse. Daniels, .10 1-5, Cornell.
220 yards....	Fisher, .22 1-5. Byers, .22 2-5. Chappel, .22 2-5. Burnet, .22 2-5.	Hoffman, .22 1-5.	Denholm, .22 2-5. Bigelow, .22 2-5.	Colfelt, .22. Jarvis, .22 2-5.	Wefers, .21 1-5, Georget'n. Maybury, .22 1-5, Wisc. Daniels, .22 1-5, Cornell.
440 yards....	Fisher, .50 4-5. Garvan, .51. Gerard, .51.	Hoffman, .51.	Hollister, .50 1-5. Vincent, .50 4-5. Fish, .51.	Colfelt, .50 2-5.	Burke, .48 4-5 Boston Univ. Wefers, .49 2-5, Georget'n. Lee, .50 3-5, Syracuse. Taylor, 51, Cornell.
880 yards....	Hinckley, 1.59.	Orton, 1.58. Lane, 1.59. Mechling, 1.59.	Hollister, 1.54 2-5. Fenno, 1.59.	Cregan, 1.59.	Wright, 1.58, Brown.
Mile run	Speer, 4.31 2-5. Buckingham, 4.33.	Orton, 4.21 4-5. Jarvis, 4.26. Grant, 4.30.	Grant, 4.27. Fenno, 4.33.	Cregan, 4.29. Laing, 4.32.	Wright, 4.27, Brown.
Mile walk...	Darrach.	Fetterman, 6.47.	Phillips, 7.12.		
120-y'd h'l's..	Perkins, .16. Thompson, .16 1-5. Van Ingen, .16 1-5.		Fox, .16 2-5.	Wheeler, .16 1-5.	Richards, .16, Wisconsin. Bijur, .16 1-5, Columbia.
220-y'd h'l's..	Perkins, .25 3-5. Van Ingen, .26.		Morse, .25 3-5. Warren, .25 4-5.		Bijur, .25 4-5, Columbia. Reynolds, .25 4-5, Columb. Kraentzlein, 25 4-5, Wisc.
Pole vault...	Johnson, 11 ft. Van Winkle, 11 ft. 1 1-2. Selin, 10 ft. 11 1-2.	Stewart, 11 ft.	Hoyt, 11 ft. 2 3-4.	Tyler, 10 ft. 10.	Smith, 11 ft. 1, Columbia.
High jump...	Merwin, 6 ft. 2 1-4.	Winsor, 6 ft. 2 1-2. Leslie, 6 ft. 1.	Morse, 6 ft. 1.	Carroll, 6 ft. 1-2.	Powell, 6 ft. 2, Cornell.
Broad jump..	Cheney, 22 ft. 1 1-2.	Remington, 22 ft. 8.	Clark (J. G.), 22 ft. 2 3-4. Clark (E. H.), 22 ft. 1 1-4.	Garrett, 21 ft. 9 1-2.	
Hammer	Chadwick, 132 ft. 6 1-2. Hickok, 122 ft. 2.	Woodruff, 138 ft. 8. McCracken, 126 ft. 9.	Shaw, 125 ft. 5 1-2.	Potter, 124 ft. 5.	
Shot	Sheldon, 41 ft. 11 1-2. Beck, 40 ft. 2.	Woodruff, 40 ft. 8. McCracken, 40 ft. 6 1-2.	Clark (E. H.), 40 ft. 4 1-2.	Garrett, 40 ft. 10.	Cochems, 41 ft. 5, Wisc. Hughes, 41 ft. 9, Boston Univ.
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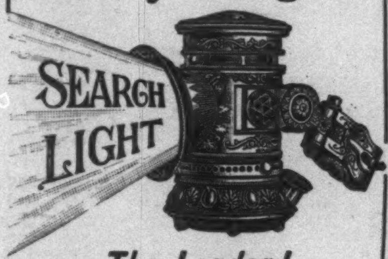
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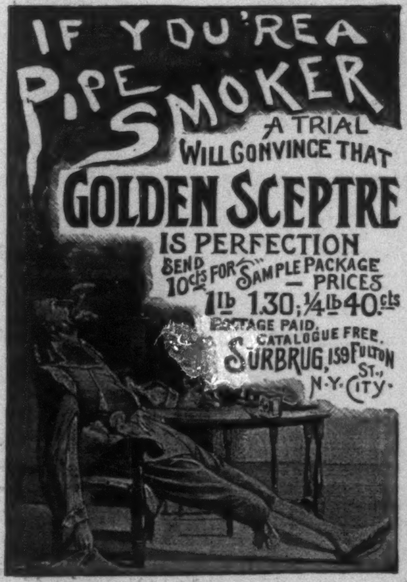
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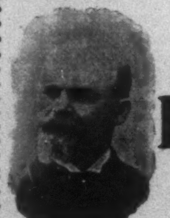

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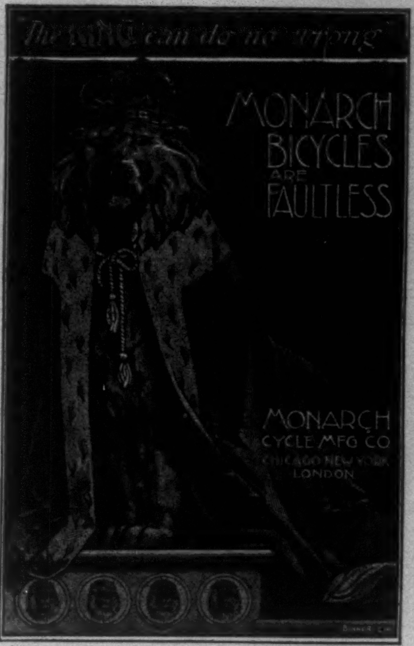
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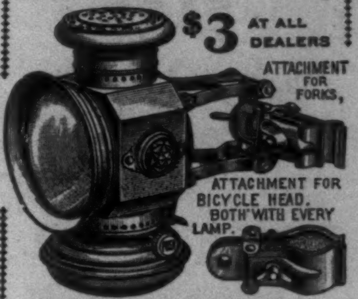
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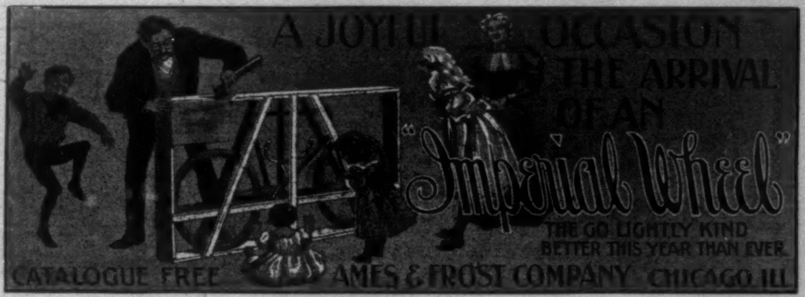
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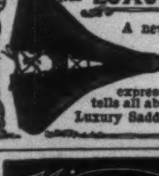

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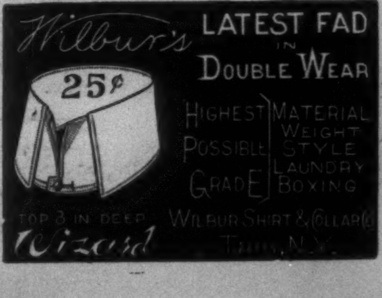
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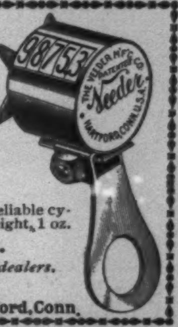
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